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WINSTON CHURCHILL ON DEMOCRACY

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

M. DALADIER'S tour has proved, what hardly needed proof, that neither Corsica nor Tunis wants to exchange French for Italian rule. It is easy, doubtless, for Imperial Powers to stage "demonstrations of loyalty"; but nobody, not even the most innocent of Fascists, can really suppose that all these myriads who welcomed the French Premier were driven into the streets to huzza to order. The Italian press—which, of course, is not innocent—has done its best to guy M. Daladier and has, ludicrously enough, called his visit a "provocation." But in general it is soft-pedalling on Italy's claims on France, partly no doubt because, in face of the uncompromising nature of the French answer, to press these seems like crying for the moon, and partly because there is still a hope that the moon, or a bit of it, may be got by the good offices of Mr. Chamberlain in Rome next week. We do not believe there is any ground for that hope. France has said "no" very emphatically to the suggestions of "mediation," and, even if he wanted to, Mr. Chamberlain could not engineer a bargain at the French expense.

Mr. Chamberlain and Spain

What seems less certain is that Mr. Chamberlain may not be willing to "appease" the Duce at the expense of the Spanish Republic. But how is he to do that? The demand for belligerent rights in Spain has been incessantly pushed, as we know, by Mussolini as well as by Franco. But the granting of these rights by this country has been officially, and more than once, declared to be subject to a very definite condition. The Prime Minister himself made the latest statement on the matter in the House of Commons on December 19th. "So long," he said, "as there are foreign troops in Spain and so long as no other solution has been found for the Spanish question but that which is involved in the Non-Intervention Plan, His Majesty's Government do not propose to grant belligerent rights to the parties in Spain other than in accordance with the Non-Intervention Plan itself." That seems plain enough, and it is difficult to see how Mr. Chamberlain can go back on his words next week in Rome, since there are estimated to be five divisions of Italians engaged in the present rebel attack. It is possible to suspect some hidden meaning in the words in the Prime Minister's statement "so long as no other solution has been found for the Spanish question." But there is no evidence that he has any other solution. We can only hope that the Duce's ingenuity will not invent one plausible enough to overcome Mr. Chamberlain's scruples.

The Catalan Battle

If Mussolini hoped to present his visitors next week with a Spanish *fait accompli*, in the shape of a decisive

victory for Franco, he has so far been disappointed. After a fortnight's unremitting insurgent offensive the battle for Catalonia is still undecided. Aided by artillery and aircraft support, overwhelmingly superior in weight to that at the Government's command, Franco's infantry has gained ground. North of Balaguer, the Segre has been forced at Artesa, and on the insurgents' right flank a Navarrese Corps has advanced sufficiently to outflank in part the Government's lines along the lower Ebro. Nevertheless the defence still holds. In particular, the Italian divisions attempting to cut the Lerida-Tarragona road at Borjas Blancas have failed to make any appreciable headway and are reported by the *Times* Saragossa correspondent to require possibly "stiffening" by Spanish troops—a comment unlikely to gratify the Duce. It may be that Franco will in time find a weak spot in the defensive positions, but he has so far suffered heavy losses and consumed a prodigal quantity of material without reaching any sort of conclusive result. If victory continues to elude him, the undercurrents of unrest in his own territory will undoubtedly grow stronger. The history of the smuggling of plans in the British diplomatic bag has yet to be fully revealed. Mr. Golding, the British pro-Consul at San Sebastian, has been arrested by the rebel police. All that is clear is that Franco's forces are not immune from "Fifth Column" activities in their rear.

German Naval Aims

In announcing their desire to exercise, without reservation, the rights conveyed in the London Agreement of 1935, the German naval authorities are acting with complete correctitude, so far as procedure goes. The cause for uneasiness is the obscurity surrounding the intentions underlying the announcement. The Agreement gave Germany the right to build tonnage in the proportion of 35 : 100 in relation to British strength. The ratio was to apply both to total tonnage and to tonnage in each category, with the proviso that for submarines, of which the British tonnage was low, the proportion might be 45 : 100 or, if special circumstances arose, it might on due notice be raised to 100 : 100. In Notes exchanged after the Agreement was signed it was agreed that, save after notification, Germany would not lay down until 1942 more than three out of five large 8-in. gun cruisers to which she is entitled. Now, runs the argument, Russia has built four 7-in. gun cruisers. For protection of her Baltic routes Germany requires all five of her allotted powerful cruisers. This seems not unreasonable; but for what purpose is it proposed to assume the right to attain parity with Britain in submarines? Germany already has 71 (mostly small) submarines, as compared with a British strength of 69 larger units. Parity would give Germany licence to construct 40,000 additional tons of underwater craft. What for? A submarine is essentially a weapon of offence, and it is impossible to overlook German activity in the construction of bases in the Canaries and on the West African Coast. It looks as though the Admiralty will have to make up in the 1939 programme for the omission to provide for any destroyers in last year's building estimates.

War Tempo for the Workers

1939 has brought a fresh batch of Labour legislation in France, Germany and Russia. In France the principle of the 40-hour week is retained, but the 5-day week has been virtually abolished, and the worker is now probably somewhat worse off than before the Blum experiment. In the U.S.S.R., which, in contrast with this country, appears to suffer from an undue mobility of labour, full wages in future will only be paid as sickness allowance to those with six years' continuous service, while the allowance falls to 50 per cent. of the wage in the case of those with under two years' service. Women workers will receive maternity allowances only after seven months' uninterrupted employment, and the period is to be cut down from four months to 63 days. Furthermore, workers who leave or are dismissed from a factory may be evicted within 10 days from any house belonging to the factory or State. This drastic campaign against slackers is an ominous sign of the times, but it is as nothing compared with the regimentation of labour in Germany, of which the new laws are the completion. Here the principle of the eight-hour day has been established, but the ten-hour maximum will be the rule. A compulsory year of *Arbeitsdienst* for all unmarried women has also been decreed. This will provide cheap labour on the land and means that in future no single German citizen, male or female, will avoid some form of State service. If, as is threatened, the Nazis now try to compel all girls in domestic service abroad to return home, we may well enjoy a marriage boom in this country.

Refugees

The Government has in the last few weeks put fresh obstacles in the way of those private organisations which are trying to cope with the refugee problem. Of the 17,000 who have left Germany since 1933, the British Empire has absorbed not more than 10 per cent.; to the one million non-Aryans, now deprived of all means of livelihood, it has offered little but vague promises. Most pitiable perhaps are the 4,000 German democrats, housed at present in deplorable conditions in Czechoslovakian camps. If these brave men and women, who have been inexplicably excluded from the benefits of the Lord Mayor's fund, are unable to get away before the end of this month, they will be sent back to concentration camps in Germany. Since most of them are skilled workers, it should be possible to find some place for them in one of the Dominions. But it is not only the Government which is to blame; each sectional interest fears the effect of immigration upon unemployment. For this reason we commend to our readers *The Economics of the Refugee Problem* by Dorothy Frances Buxton, with an introduction by Sir Norman Angell (published by the L.N.U., price 3*d*.). Mrs. Buxton exposes the shoddy economics of those who think that an increase of population must mean an increase in unemployment, while Sir Norman Angell outlines the plans which any civilised Government would adopt. Meanwhile the public can help to make a success of "Stage and Screen Day" on January 14th, when theatres, cinemas, circuses and concerts throughout the country will contribute 10 per cent of their takings to the Lord Baldwin Fund.

British Shipping and Supplies

The Admiralty has just published an interesting chart (*Stationery Office*; 3*s*. 6*d*.) designed to show the distribution of British shipping and the sources of British imports from the standpoint of naval defence. The method used

is that of studying the actual location of every British vessel of more than 3,000 tons, whether at sea or in harbour, on a particular day in November, 1937, and of showing therewith what proportion of British necessary imports travelled along the various shipping routes. The chart is illuminating. It shows, for example, the vital importance of the Mediterranean route from the standpoint of British supplies, and thus illustrates very clearly the danger of Fascist domination either in Spain or in any other part of the Mediterranean narrow seas. It also indicates, in comparison with previous surveys, the great decline of British shipping on the Pacific as compared with the Atlantic routes. Great Britain's largest single import, measured by tonnage, is now petroleum, weighing over 11,000,000 tons. This is an important fact, because the ships concerned are oil tankers, which have to make the outward voyage in ballast, and are in any case not capable of being diverted to carrying other cargoes—so that an increasing amount of British shipping cannot be put into a general pool for the maintenance of supplies even in war-time.

The Split in East Norfolk

East Norfolk would presumably be a safe Government seat if the coalition forces were united. At the last election Viscount Elmley, standing as a Liberal National, polled considerably more than twice the vote given his Labour opponent. But Mr. Medlicott, his successor, is not having so easy a passage, and the Conservative Head Office is not finding it a simple matter to induce the Conservatives of East Norfolk to rally to his support. Mr. J. F. Wright, the "Conservative and Agricultural" candidate, is a well-known figure in East Anglian politics. He has taken the lead in a good many movements of rebellious farmers in his time; and at present he is able to cash in on the strong hostility of most of the farmers to the Government for its failure to produce a comprehensive agricultural policy. Whether he will detach enough Conservative votes to defeat Mr. Medlicott's chances, and whether Mr. Medlicott will be able to hold the Liberal voters who do not like the Government but will only vote under pressure for a Labour candidate, are the uncertain factors likely to decide the present contest.

The Farm Labour Problem

While Mr. Wright and Mr. Tillett, the East Norfolk Labour Candidate, were both denouncing the Government's agricultural policy in Norfolk, the agricultural economists assembled at Oxford were attempting an objective diagnosis of the agricultural problem. Dr. Murray, in a very interesting paper dealing with labour costs on the farms, pointed out that, whereas this country is now producing more food than it did before the war, the number of agricultural labourers has fallen by more than a quarter. This does not mean a proportionate decline in the total amount of labour on the land, as there has been no similar fall in the number of independent farmers. Farm wages, however, remain a very important element in agricultural costs. In Great Britain the number of labourers per farmer is 2.3 compared with 0.9 in Ireland, Denmark and New Zealand, and 0.4 in France and the United States. Another important factor is that the exodus from agriculture has been mainly among the younger workers, so that the average age of those who remain on the land is remarkably high. This puts obstacles in the way of rapid mechanisation with a view to increasing still further the output per worker, and thus solving the farmer's problem by a reduction of costs. Nevertheless, in Dr. Murray's view, that seems to be the only practicable solution; for any attempt to increase farm prices, apart from its political difficulties, would be brought up short by its adverse effects on the level of demand. As for the labourers' position and prospects, farm wages, high as they are from the farmers' standpoint, are low in terms of the amenities which they afford. That is the chief reason for the exodus from the land; and the agricultural economists were not able to hold out much hope that this exodus would be arrested.

The One Hundred Thousand

The meeting held at the Caxton Hall on Wednesday to launch a non-party movement of national consolidation was a tragi-comedy of mixed intentions and muddled organisation. The promoters had drafted a lengthy but perfectly sensible statement on democracy and foreign policy, which gave no indication, however, whether the movement was intended to oust the Premier or simply to stiffen the Government's policy. The platform consisted exclusively of Mr. Duncan Sandys, M.P., who began by disclaiming any intention of attacking Mr. Chamberlain, and proceeded to appeal for the enrolment of 100,000 members pledged to press for a firm attitude in defence of democracy against Fascist aggression. The meeting, though in agreement with Mr. Sandys that party machinery is hindering united democratic action, was clearly impatient of his reluctance to come out openly against the Government. Under pressure from the floor, Mr. Sandys admitted that he hoped to see a complete reversal of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, but this statement came too late to save the meeting. Eventually, the decision to go forward with plans of recruitment and build an organisation on a constituency basis was announced from the Chair—to an audience already beginning to disperse and clearly unwilling to give Mr. Sandys and his undisclosed backers a blank cheque.

The Honours List

The New Year's Honours are not uninteresting. The dismemberment of Czechoslovakia and the miracle of our Air Raid Precautions are recognised by a distribution of honours to some of those most closely concerned. In other spheres, Sir James Jeans and the First Sea Lord receive the O.M., and still another Harmsworth becomes a peer. If Honours were honours, we should congratulate Professor Stapledon of grass-breeding fame and Mr. Will Spens, the Chairman of the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education, whose really admirable Report we discuss elsewhere. But, in view of the knighthoods lavished for political and public services, we reserve our congratulations for the Conservative Central Office, which is clearly consolidating the financial position in many constituencies. Finally we cannot refrain from expressing our delight that among all the routine recipients the "Representative of the Council of Foreign Bondholders on the Council of the repartitioned debt of the former Ottoman Empire" should not have been forgotten.

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THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

THE "China incident," as the Japanese call the butchery and destruction in the Far East, has now been in progress for eighteen months, and its end is not in sight. The latest peace proposals from Tokio have captivated nobody in China except Wang Ching-wei. Chiang Kai-shek, speaking for the Government and the people, has indignantly rejected terms that demand the substance for Japan and offer the shadow to China. The Japanese, of course, would have us believe that the defection of Wang Ching-wei is the beginning of that split in the Kuomintang Government which they have been hoping for from the outset of the war. In fact, it is far more likely that Wang's departure will strengthen China's resistance. He and his group are not the representatives of any class or any big interest in China, and they have no armed forces behind them. Wang's pronouncement in favour of Prince Konoye's peace terms has been met, not by the defection to his side of the Right wing of the Kuomintang which he had counted on, but by his own expulsion from the party. If he had been able to get the support of the quasi-independent provincial governors, who represent the dying "war-lord" element in China, Chinese unity would have received a severe blow. And if he had at the same time found a following among the reactionary elements in the Kuomintang, there would indeed have been grounds for rejoicing in Tokio.

As it is, Wang's dismissal allays suspicions, long current, that Chiang Kai-shek, though well aware of his relations with the Japanese, was keeping him in high office in order at some future time to use him as a peace negotiator. All last year there were rumours of Wang's secret conversations with the enemy, as well as with the Fascist Governments in Europe. In July, at the People's Political Congress, one of his "peace group" openly advocated friendship with Germany and Italy instead of with the democratic Powers. He himself has always been an opportunist and has long dreamed of ousting Chiang Kai-shek and putting himself at the head of the State. Having failed now, the probability is that he will go into retirement, rather than openly join the Japanese.

But Wang's expulsion is significant not only as a proof of Chiang Kai-shek's resolve to continue the war in spite of the loss of Hankow and Canton. It follows close on the report, published in the American press a few weeks ago, that Chiang Kai-shek had issued a new slogan, "Arousing the masses is more important than battles," and that he had announced his intention of purging the Government of defeatist elements before embarking on the second phase of the war—guerrilla tactics throughout the occupied territory.

So long as the struggle was mainly one of defensive positional warfare, and so long as China had the financial reserves and the trading facilities that would enable her to purchase arms abroad on a large scale, the full mobilisation of her material and moral resources was less urgent than it is now. With Hankow and Canton gone and a dwindling gold and silver reserve, China's hope of survival must depend in the main on the development of new mines, arsenals and industries in the interior, and on mobile warfare of small units. Guerrilla operations obviously need the full and willing support of the peasants. It is they who must be counted on to do espionage work for the troops, to shelter and feed them and care for their wounded. The new policy, too, involves the elimination of corrupt, inefficient or oppressive officials, drastic taxation of the rich and strict control of capital resources. The people as a whole can only be "mobilised" by far-reaching economic and social reorganisation along the lines followed either by the Communists in the North and North-West, or by the rulers of Kwangsi in the South-West. Before the fall of Hankow, Chiang Kai-shek would not allow the parties of the Left to rouse the people in the Yangtse war zone, though he did encourage the Communists and their allies to continue this dangerous task in the Northern territories occupied by the Japanese. His own trusted henchmen were too feudal-minded or too military-minded to see the necessity of any such organisation. There are indications now that Chiang, who has for so long skilfully balanced himself between the political forces from Right to Left without committing himself to any, and whilst reserving for his own personal adherents the highest military positions, has at last decided to throw his weight Leftwards. He has, in fact, been faced by the choice between such a move and capitulation to Japan.

The war then will go on. China is crippled, but her morale is not broken, and the Japanese, while they have taken provinces, great cities, railways and ports, are very far from consolidating their gains. They have not got the support of the Chinese rural gentry, without whom they cannot set up any effective administration in their own interests. The Chinese Communists, and the guerrillas operating in the north under their control or influence, no longer "liquidate landowners," but confine themselves to reducing rents, and this has prevented the defection of those landowners to the Japanese side. The Communists in China to-day are in fact not the full-blooded "Bolsheviks" that some suppose them to be, but social reformers and patriots aiming at agrarian reform, political liberty and strengthened national resistance. Japan is thus faced, after a year and a half of fighting and an imposing list of battles won, with the task of crushing the Chinese people bit by bit. This Chinese people has been welded by the blows it has received into a far more united and resolute force than it was at the start of the invasion, or indeed than most of us ever expected it to be.

The Japanese are a highly disciplined nation, and the change of Government this week does not indicate any serious political split or any weakening of war policy. The new Cabinet indeed is expected to stiffen things up. But Japan's economic position, on which her success must depend, is none too good. Her gold reserves are being depleted, and on a conservative estimate will be completely exhausted by the end of this year, even if she can maintain last year's level of exports. She has small hope of substantial loans from the West. She has made it a little too obvious that she intends to treat China as her own close preserve. She has, in fact, by her damage to their trade, and the threat of worse to come, driven the Western Powers into a practical sympathy for China which obligations under the Covenant of the League and solemn treaties had signally failed to evoke. That sympathy, tardy though it be and based on self-interest rather than high ideals, is of immense importance to the

Chinese. It may in the end prove the decisive factor in the struggle.

At present, it is true, the material aid offered to China is relatively small. The United States has granted her credits of $25,000,000 and Great Britain of £500,000. But there are expectations (and in the American case something like a promise) that these amounts will be increased. The Japanese have not concealed their chagrin, and Mr. Arita, the Foreign Minister, has led the way in reproaching the American and British Governments for their unfriendly meddling. Those reproaches sound in our ears like praises, and we hope before long to hear more of them. Mr. Roosevelt's bold speech to Congress on Wednesday made no specific reference to Japan, but it showed plainly enough the way the wind is blowing in Washington.

There has, we believe, been some talk behind the scenes of the possibility of both the United States and Great Britain cancelling their commercial treaties with Japan. If that step were taken, Japan's imperialistic adventure would be in danger of a rapid collapse. She is highly dependent on our markets and her ability to purchase raw materials from us, she has no great iron and steel industry such as Germany possesses, and she can only pay for imports with the money she obtains from British and American sales. And what is there to be said against such a step? There is no question of its involving us in war. Nor is there any question of its morality; it is one of the actions contemplated in the Covenant of the League, of which this country is (though we may have forgotten it) still a member; and the fact that the League is sadly out of fashion to-day does not mean that its principles have ceased to be valid and proper. Hard-headed politicians and business-men may be moved by other considerations, and perhaps they can suggest other ways of defeating the Japanese aggression. But that it should be defeated is imperative alike for "realists" and "idealists." The Chinese people would be the first victims of a Japanese conquest; they would not be the only ones.

MR. CHURCHILL ON DEMOCRACY

A FAMOUS journalist once told me of an alarming interview that he had with Mr. Churchill some years before the last war. Mr. Churchill happened to be in full Privy Councillor's uniform and emphasised his points with finely executed passes and slashes of his sword. Mr. Churchill himself declares that this is a fairy tale; and certainly, when I went to see him the other day, he was wielding nothing more ferocious than the builder's trowel with which he was completing an arch in the house that he has built with his own hands this summer. He was not, however, too much absorbed to discuss very fully the problem of Democracy and Efficiency.

Kingsley Martin.—The country has learnt to associate you, Mr. Churchill, with the view that we must all get together as quickly as possible to rearm in defence of democracy. Now I am constantly asked whether this is a possible conception. In view of the strength and character of the totalitarian states, is it possible for a democracy to rearm without in the process surrendering its essential nature? Is it in your view possible to combine the reality of democratic freedom with efficient military organisation?

Mr. Winston Churchill.—The essential aspects of democracy are the freedom of the individual, within the framework of laws passed by Parliament, to order his life as he pleases, and the uniform enforcement of tribunals independent of the executive. These laws are based on Magna Carta, Habeas Corpus, the Petition of Right and others. Above all, they secure the freedom of the individual from arbitrary arrest for crimes unknown to the law, and provide for trial by jury of his equals. Without this foundation there can be no freedom or civilisation, anyone being at the mercy of officials and liable to be spied upon and betrayed even in his own home. As long as these rights are defended, the foundations of freedom are secure. I see no reason why democracies should not be able to defend themselves without sacrificing these fundamental values.

K. M.—One point people are especially afraid of is that free criticism in Parliament, on the platform and in the press may be sacrificed. The totalitarian states, it is said, are regimented, organised and unhampered, as the Prime Minister suggested the other day, by critics of the Government "who foul their own nest."

W. C.—I am aware that it has recently become fashionable to describe criticism of the action of the Prime Minister as fouling our own nest—a convenient thesis, if a dangerous one. Criticism may not be agreeable, but it is necessary. It fulfils the same function as pain in the human body; it calls attention to the development of an unhealthy state of things. If it is heeded in time, danger may be averted; if it is suppressed, a fatal distemper may develop.

K. M.—Do you attribute the slowness in preparation of which you complain to any inherent defect in democratic institutions?

W. C.—I am convinced that with adequate leadership, democracy can be a more efficient form of government than Fascism. In this country at any rate the people can readily be convinced that it is necessary to make sacrifices, and they will willingly undertake them if the situation is put clearly and fairly before them. Naturally if the leaders of a Conservative Government insist that all is well, one can scarcely expect the Opposition leaders to press for increased armaments. But no one can doubt that it was within the power of the National Government at any time within the last seven years to rearm the country at any pace required without resistance from the mass of the people. The difficulty was that the leaders failed to appreciate the need and to warn the people, or were afraid to do their duty, not that the democratic system formed an impediment. In my view, short-sighted leaders are just as likely to come to the front in Fascist countries as in democracies.

K. M.—You held great executive positions in the last war. Was it your experience that the Government was in any way hampered by the existence of parliamentary criticism? Should we have been better off with totalitarianism? Looking at the matter from a purely military point of view, should we have been more efficient if employers and employees had both been more regimented and less able to bargain? Would you attribute the scarcity of munitions in the early part of the war in any degree to the insistence of private manufacturers and employers on profits in wartime?

W. C.—It may be that greater efficiency in secret military preparations can be achieved in a country with autocratic institutions than by the democratic system. But this advantage is not necessarily great, and it is far outweighed by the strength of a democratic country in a long war. In an autocracy, when the pinch comes, the blame is thrown upon the leader and the system breaks up, as we saw in Germany and Russia. In a democratic country the people feel that they are responsible, and if they believe in their cause will hold out much longer than the population of Dictator States. Questions in Parliament and Debates, far from hindering the conduct of the war, frequently assist it by exposing weak points and give opportunities to clear up misunderstandings. Occasional difficulties arose with organised labour, but by working with and through the Trades Unions, these were all settled in a friendly manner. Of course the power to withdraw protection from military service lay in the background, but I do not think it was ever necessary to use it. I did not find that the existence of the

profit motive on the part of manufacturers in any way hampered the production of munitions. It is true that in the early days orders were sometimes placed and accepted beyond the capacity of the factories to meet, and that the scarcity of munitions may be in part attributed to the undue optimism of the services and the manufacturers who had not sufficiently allowed for inevitable delays. But this was a question of inexperience rather than anything else.

K. M.—I gather that you believe that Britain gained and did not lose from maintaining the structure of democratic institutions during the last war. Do you believe that these institutions could survive in another war? Could the press maintain the measure of freedom that it then had? Would Parliament be able to function comparatively normally? How far do you think it would be necessary to compel labour and how far would the state need to go on taking over the control of industry.

W. C.—The next war will presumably be entirely different from the last in that it will have to be carried on whilst the Capital and the greater part of the country are being disturbed by air raids. I see no reason why a censorship much more severe than existed in the last war should be imposed. Parliament would probably find it difficult, indeed dangerous, to meet regularly at Westminster. It might be asked to delegate a part of its day-to-day work to a number of large committees containing members of all the various parties, and to meet as a whole three or four times a year in suitable places to discuss the reports of these committees. Of course I am assuming that legislation would be in force " to take the profit out of war." The Americans have made a great study of this, and it would be easy to apply the same principles here. By " taking the profit out of war " I mean that no one anyhow should come out of it richer than he went in. This could be achieved by assessing the value of undertakings at the outbreak of war on the basis of the information available to the Revenue Department, and insisting that nobody should be better off at the end of the war than at the beginning. Hardship would of course arise in the case of businesses just about to expand, but no man would have cause for complaint if he found himself at the end of the war as well off as he was at the beginning. I do not believe that this knowledge would in war-time in any way impair the enthusiasm and drive required from the employers, although it would in peace-time. As I have said, I feel certain that the knowledge that these measures would be effective would prevent in a great degree difficulties arising with organised labour.

K. M.—May I go back now to the question of pre-war preparation which I think is more in people's minds? We should all agree on the necessity for many restrictions in wartime, but what about conscription and the compulsion of labour and capital in time of peace? Captain Liddell Hart has remarked that to have conscription to combat Fascism is like cutting our throats to avoid a disease.

W. C.—I see no reason why any essential part of our liberties should be lost by preparations for defence. The demands of Somerset House are far more searching and disagreeable than any questions which could conceivably be put in producing a National Register. Yet nobody clamours against them as an infringement of liberty and privacy. I do not think we need a great conscript army on the continental model, but we should have besides our regular professional army a considerably larger body of Territorials available for home defence or foreign service in an emergency. If Parliament so decided, in case of war a great army could be built up around such a skeleton. I would not hesitate, if the numbers sanctioned by Parliament of the Territorial troops could not be obtained by the voluntary system, to fill up the gap by ballot among all the young men of the country of the appropriate age, allowing no substitute whatsoever. Nothing could be more democratic, or more likely to democratise the army. When one remembers that the democracy of France has voluntarily taken two years out of the life of each young man to safeguard its liberties, I cannot see that some such system, which would impose a sacrifice of only a few months on a small fraction of our population, could be regarded as a surrender to Fascism.

K. M.—How much coercion of industry is implied in a Ministry of Supply with special powers? Will it involve state control of raw materials, and do you think that we need a system of state control to compete with the methods that the Nazis have so successfully employed in South-East Europe and South America?

W. C.—As you know, I have long pressed for a Ministry of Supply. In my view this should have powers, if necessary, to compel industry to give priority as required to Government contracts for rearmament purposes, and to devote or turn over any necessary portion of its plant to such work. I do not believe these powers would have to be brought into play to any large extent, nor do I believe, if arrangements to limit profits such as already exist were efficiently brought into effect, that it would be necessary to mobilise the industrial worker. As to State trading, this is not part of a scheme of a Ministry of Supply, though I gather that the Board of Trade are seriously considering special methods to deal with abnormal conditions which State trading in other countries is producing in certain parts of the world.

K. M.—May I pass on to another related subject—A.R.P.? People write to me and say that the problem of defending London and other big cities in itself involves regimentation on an enormous scale. That you have to set up an army of petty officers with undefined powers, and that the only effect of preparing London psychologically for the possible ordeal of bombing is to make the East End sure that they will not be defended, while the rich will have the means of looking after themselves.

W. C.—I think a great mistake has been made in spreading our A.R.P. efforts over the whole country, instead of concentrating on what I should call the target areas and the paths to and from them. I do not believe any enemy will waste his bombs and effort on killing ordinary citizens just out of spite, when he could obtain a much greater military result by bombing docks, factories, Government offices and the like. I am certain that in the villages the risk will be infinitesimal. Our main effort should be to protect workers in the central parts of London, in the ports, and in the manufacturing districts which will be subject to attack. I should be inclined to consider the building of great underground roads, leading out of London and branching off to various points in the countryside, which would not only serve to evacuate the Capital in time of danger, but could be used as dormitories and refuges for those who were compelled to remain behind. In peace-time they would be of use either as garages, or probably in solving some of our traffic difficulties. That some steps should be taken in advance to prepare the population for the ordeal of bombing which would probably overtake it on the outbreak of war, seems to me essential. All other great nations have taken this line. If everybody knows that preparations have been made, and what to do, it seems to me there is less likelihood of inhabitants of the East End believing they will be left in the lurch while the rich look after themselves.

K. M.—There is another question that I am often asked. People who are not necessarily pacifist are horrified at the idea that we may go into another war with the same kind of generals who were responsible for Passchendaele and other horrors in the last war. They say that they might be prepared to fight for democracy, as people are to-day in Spain, if they were democratically led; but that they are damned if they will be sacrificed again for the Camberley clique that was so horribly inefficient and wasteful in the last war. They fear not so much conscription as conscription under the old type of officer who was still thinking in terms of cavalry charges in 1916. Do you think it is possible to democratise the army?

W. C.—It is quite true, I know, that many people consider that the cadre of officers is selected from too narrow a class. I have always taken the view that it should be possible for any man to rise from the ranks, and that merit should be rewarded by

promotion in the army as in any other profession. I support this not only from the point of view of democratising the army, but mainly because I think it leads to efficiency such as no other system can achieve.

K. M.—May I ask one more question of a more general character? Most of us feel that if there is a war, whatever the efforts we may make to win it, or whatever efforts we may make to keep alive the ideals and essentials of democracy during war, nevertheless the war itself will be so destructive that the very substance of our civilisation, let alone our democracy, is likely to be destroyed. Clearly the great object is to prevent war. Is it possible in your view still to regard these military preparations, not as the acceptance of inevitable war, but merely as a necessary complement of a policy which may keep the peace?

W. C.—I fear that failure to rearm Britain is bound to lead to war. Had we strengthened our defences earlier, the arms race need never have arisen. We should have come to a settlement with Germany in good time, while she was still disarmed. But even now there are far more governments in the world anxious to preserve peace than to attack their neighbours. If these could be brought together under the aegis of the League of Nations to form a common front, I think it is still possible, with a strong Britain and France, to preserve the peace of Europe.

K. M.—Is it not true historically that an armaments race leads to war? Do you believe that this period is exceptional?

W. C.—To say that an arms race always leads to war seems to me to be putting the cart before the horse. A government resolved to attain ends detrimental to its neighbours, which does not shrink from the possibility of war, makes preparations for war, its neighbours take defensive action, and you say an arms race is beginning. But this is the symptom of the existence of the intention of one government to challenge or destroy its neighbours, not the cause of the conflict. In such circumstances, the side which has failed to keep up in the arms race may receive a set-back without a war, but it will never maintain its position or interests. The pace is set by the potential aggressor, and, failing collective action by the rest of the world to resist him, the alternatives are an arms race or surrender. War is very terrible, but stirs a proud people. There have been periods in our history when we have given way for a long time, but a new and formidable mood arises. . . .

K. M.—A bellicose mood?

W. C.—A mood of "Thus far, and no farther." It is only by the spirit of resistance that man has learnt to stand upright, and instead of walking on all fours to assume an erect posture.

K. M.—Do you think it possible, as people like Professor Haldane have recently suggested, to concentrate mainly on defence with the idea that we should be less afraid of attack and therefore able to stand up for ourselves without preparing to bomb other people?

W. C.—I cannot subscribe to the idea that it might be possible to dig ourselves in and make no preparations for anything other than passive defence. It is the theory of the turtle, which is disproved at every Lord Mayor's Banquet. If the enemy can attack as and when he pleases without fear of reprisals, we should become the whipping-boy of Europe. We need shelters and tunnels, but crouching in a shelter is not a fighting posture. Quite apart from the fact that we could never defend our dependencies on such lines, we should be exposed to inevitable defeat. At any minute he pleased, the enemy could practically destroy our commerce and industry without danger to himself. Every nation of the world would have an incentive to have a free cut at the melon. War is horrible, but slavery is worse, and you may be sure that the British people would rather go down fighting than live in servitude.

[This is the second of our series of Conversations on Democracy and Efficiency. The first, which appeared in our last issue, was with Mr. Herbert Morrison. Next week's will be with Mr. Lloyd George.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

COMMENT AND DREAM

Jew-Consciousness

LONG, long ago, while Queen Victoria reigned, I attended two preparatory schools. At the first of these, it was held to be a disgrace to have a sister. Any little boy who possessed one was liable to get teased. The word would go round: "Oh, you men, have you seen the Picktoes' sister?" The men would then reel about with sideway motions, uttering cries of "sucks" and pretending to faint with horror, while the Picktoes, who had hitherto held their own socially in spite of their name, found themselves banished into the wilderness, where they mourned, Major with Minor, in common shame. Naturally anyone who had a sister hid her as far as possible, and forbade her to sit with him at a Prizegiving or to speak to him except in passing and in a very formal manner. Public opinion was not bitter on the point, but it was quite definite. Sisters were disgraceful. I got through all right myself, because my conscience was clear, and though charges were brought against me from time to time they always fell through.

It was a very different story at my second school. Here, sisters were negligible, but it was a disgrace to have a mother. Crabbe's mother, Gob's mother, eeugh! No words were too strong, no sounds too shrill. And since mothers at that time of life are commoner than sisters, and also less biddable, the atmosphere of this school was less pleasant, and the sense of guilt stronger. Nearly every little boy had a mother in a cupboard, and dreadful revelations occurred. A boy would fall ill and a mother would swoop and drive him away in a cab. A parcel would arrive with "From Mummy for her darling" branded upon it. Many tried to divert suspicion by being aggressive and fastening female parents upon the weak. One or two, who were good at games and had a large popularity-surplus, took up a really heroic line, acknowledged their mother brazenly, and would even be seen walking with her across the playing-field, like King Carol with Madame Lupescu. We admired such boys and envied them, but durst not imitate them. The margin of safety was too narrow. The convention was established that a mother spelt disgrace, and no individual triumph could reverse this.

Those preparatory schools prepared me for life better than I realised, for having passed through two imbecile societies, a sister-conscious and a mother-conscious, I am now invited to enter a third. I am asked to consider whether the people I meet and talk about are or are not Jews, and to form no opinion on them until this fundamental point has been settled. What revolting tosh! Neither science nor religion nor common-sense has one word to say in its favour. All the same, Jew-consciousness is in the air, and it remains to be seen how far it will succeed in poisoning it. I don't *think* we shall ever reintroduce ghettoes into England; I wouldn't say for certain, since no one knows what wickedness may not develop in his country or in himself if circumstances change. I don't think we shall go savage. But I do think we shall go silly. Many people have gone so already. To-day, the average man suspects the people he dislikes of being Jews, and is surprised when the people he likes are Jews. Having been a Gentile at my first preparatory school and a Jew at my second, I know what I am talking about. I know how the poison works, and I know too that if the average man is anyone in particular he is a preparatory school boy. On the surface, things do not look too bad. Labour and Liberalism behave with their expected decency and denounce persecution, and Lord Baldwin, the Archbishops, the *Times*, and respectability generally follow suit. But beneath the surface things aren't so good, and anyone who keeps his ears open in railway carriages or pubs or country lanes can hear a very different story. A very nasty side of our nation's character has been scratched up—the sniggering side. People who wouldn't ill-treat Jews themselves, or even be rude to them, enjoy tittering over their misfortunes; they giggle when pogroms are instituted by someone else and synagogues defiled vicariously. "Serve them

right really, Jews." I'm afraid this makes unpleasant reading, but anyone who cares to move out of his own enlightened little corner will discover that it's true. The grand Nordic argument, "He's a bloody capitalist so he must be a Jew, and as he's a Jew he must be a Red," has already taken root in our filling-stations and farms. Men employ it more frequently than women, and young men more frequently than old ones. The best way of confuting it is to say sneeringly "That's propaganda." When "That's propaganda" has been repeated several times, the sniggering stops, for no goose likes to think that he has been got at. There is another reply which is more intellectual but which requires more courage. It is to say, "Are you sure you're not a Jew yourself? Do you know who your eight great-grandparents were? Can you swear that all the eight are Aryan?" Cool reasonableness would be best of all, of course, but it doesn't work in the world of to-day any better than in my preparatory schools. The only effective check to silliness is silliness of a cleverer type.

Jew-mania was the one evil which no one foretold at the close of the last war. All sorts of troubles were discerned and discernable—nationalism, class-warfare, the split between the haves and the have-nots, the general lowering of cultural values. But no prophet, so far as I know, had foreseen this anti-Jew horror, whereas to-day no one can see the end of it. There had been warnings, of course, but they seemed no more ominous than a poem by Hilaire Belloc. Back in India, in 1921, a Colonel lent me the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, and it was such an obvious fake that I did not worry. I had forgotten my preparatory schools, and did not see that they were about to come into their own. To me, anti-Semitism is now the most shocking of all things. It is destroying much more than the Jews; it is assailing the human mind at its source, and inviting it to create false categories before exercising judgment. I am sure we shall win through. But it will take a long time, and it won't be in our day. Perhaps a hundred years must pass before men can think back to the mentality of 1918, or can say with the Prophet Malachi "Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?" For the moment, all that we can do is to dig in our heels, and prevent silliness from sliding into insanity.

Rainbows

No rainbows have occurred lately, but I saw a couple soon after Munich, and I would as soon record them as anything else in this disgusting and disgraceful year. The first of them lay against the slopes of Ben Lomond. It was a very solid, vivid, well-nourished double rainbow, and it stood firm all the time we were driving up the western shore of the Loch. It was lovely and impressive and so on, but what distinguished it from all others was a cataract, provided by the mountain, which lay like a silver knife inside its inmost curve. Thus there were three universes. One of them was grey and slaty: mist, cloud, hill. The second was the bright and apparently motionless blade of the cataract, which started and stopped for no visible reason. And the third was the rainbow-universe, which stands, as is its nature, in front of everything else, and pays no attention to earth's complicated schemes. The combination remained such a time that it is difficult for me to realise that it is not there still, and that next time I pass up that road I shall not encounter the same trio. No one saw it but ourselves, I think. The country was almost deserted, and such cars as were about were driving in the opposite direction, and must have missed the display.

The second rainbow happened a week later, in Northumberland. I was driving north from Newcastle, by night, and noticed a searchlight up in the sky inland. It was curved, and I assumed that it proceeded from some new scientific apparatus, designed perhaps by Einstein, and could bend about like a snake when locating a hostile aeroplane. Our coastal defences are so marvellous. Then its quietness and its fragility set me thinking, and I realised it was a phenomenon which I had wanted to see all my life, and which had been saved up for me until now: a lunar rainbow. Browning introduced a lunar rainbow into his *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, and had a good deal to say about it; his was a whopper; he even saw the outer bow, "mightier, fainter, flushier, and flightier." What moved me in mine was its gentleness, its ordinariness, its air of being there every evening in the way of business. It's very rare indeed, I believe. Anyhow I class it with my two other celestial rarities: the green ray, and the curve of the earth's shadow climbing up the sky after the sun set. I saw both of these from a boat off the African coast, ten years back. The lunar rainbow was companionable, and gave itself no airs; I last saw it gracefully inclining over the house which I was about to enter, tinged with the hints of the prismatic colours, the ghost of a ghost. E. M. FORSTER

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to R. Gardner.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

A special corner by dogs for dogs will be included in "Calling All Dogs," which the B.B.C. are putting on next Sunday in honour of "Eve of Dog-Licence-Day." The view at Broadcasting House is that, although dogs do not normally display much interest in the loud-speaker, they will if special material is broadcast for them.—*News Chronicle.*

"All right. Brast off," replied Alderman Sellers when the Deputy-Mayor (Councillor Hankinson) ruled him out of order at the Glossop Council meeting on Wednesday night.

Alderman Buckley: I object to Alderman Sellers making these remarks. They are unseemly. Blast off.

Alderman Sellers: I didn't say blast off. I said brast off.

Alderman Buckley: I object to that.

Alderman Sellers: There is nowt in that. If you say nowt worse than that, you will do.—*Glossop Advertiser.*

Three young men are going to run all the way from Southampton to New York—around and around the decks of the *Europa*—as a demonstration for world peace.—*Evening Standard.*

The satisfactory solution of this problem of rising rates is, in my opinion, more important, more vital than any other before the public at the present time (and—I am not excluding the European situation, the Air Raid Precautions and the Jewish question. Solve the Rates problem and the others would soon cease to be problems).—Letter in the *Sidmouth Herald & Directory.*

SECONDARY EDUCATION FOR ALL

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE long-awaited report of the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education on secondary education has at last appeared. Five years' cogitation has resulted in a lengthy report in which both aspects of the terms of reference have been exhaustively considered. Those terms were to consider and report upon the organisation and interrelation of schools, other than those administered under the Elementary Code, which provide education for pupils beyond the age of 11 +; regard being had in particular to the framework and content of the education of pupils who do not remain at school beyond the age of 16.

The report, therefore, has two aspects, one dealing with the administrative and one with the curricular proposals, and although the latter necessarily take more space than the former, it would be a mistake to assume that they are of greater importance, for through the administrative proposals the Spens Report builds upon the foundations laid twelve years ago by its illustrious predecessor, the Hadow Report on the Education of the Adolescent. That Report, it will be remembered, recommended that at 11 + all children, and not just those who won places at a Grammar school, should pass to a Senior

(now to be called Modern) school, specially staffed and equipped to deal with older children. These schools are still administered under the elementary code.

The Committee found themselves unable to keep strictly to their terms of reference, which appeared to exclude some elementary schools from consideration. "Reform in any type of school inevitably raises problems in relation to every other type of school which affords an alternative education to that in question." In England, elementary and secondary do not apply, as they should, to stages in the education of every child, but to parallel systems, one designed for the working class, and the other for the middle-class child. About 14 per cent. of elementary school children pass each year to secondary schools at the age of 11 +, but the greater number remain in the elementary school system, although the education given to these children in reorganised modern (senior) schools is, in any true sense of the term, "secondary."

If the recommendations of the Report are adopted, "secondary education for all" will be achieved. This slogan, often misunderstood, sometimes wilfully, never meant that every child should go to a grammar school. Children have different abilities, not only different in degree, but different in kind, and it is just as bad to force some children through a grammar school education when they would benefit more from a more practical type of education, as it is to deny a grammar school education to the child who would benefit by it.

There should be a variety of secondary or post-primary schools—the grammar school, the new technical high school, recommended in the Report, and the modern (senior) school, but they should all be treated equally by the Board of Education, and all regarded as equal by the public. Whilst, as at present, teachers in secondary schools are paid higher salaries, have smaller classes to teach and longer holidays to enjoy, whilst fees are charged in those schools and not in the others, and for this reason middle-class children attend the former and not the latter, so long will those schools be considered by the public to be more desirable, and the distribution of children between schools will not be according to the individual needs of the child, but to the means of the parent.

The Consultative Committee recommends that all post-primary education shall be administered under a new secondary code, which will provide for one scale of salaries, one standard of amenities and size of classes—that now in force in secondary schools. Two further changes are recognised as necessary before equality is achieved. Fees must be abolished in secondary schools, and 16, which is the age at which the majority of boys and girls now leave grammar schools, must be the leaving age for all children. This latter reform is regarded as inevitable, and the Report definitely recommends that fees should be abolished as soon as the national finances permit. Meanwhile, entry to grammar schools and to the new technical high schools, of which more will be said later, is to be on merit, regardless of the parents' capacity to pay. This system, merit not money, is already in operation in 21 per cent. of the grant-aided grammar schools, and if these recommendations are carried out, the important principle will be established, namely, that where public money reduces the cost of education—as is the case in all grant-aided schools—a parent who can pay fees will not be able to buy a place for his child, and thus keep out one who has more ability to profit by the education offered, but whose parents cannot pay the fees.

In order to meet the criticism, that single entry by means of a highly competitive examination in English and Arithmetic at the age of 11 might keep out middle-class children who have not attended elementary schools, the Report lays down two conditions: first, that there must be enough grammar school places in each area to enable every child who can profit more by that kind of education than by that of any other post-primary school, to have it; secondly, that a grammar school shall not fill all its places strictly on the examination order, but that some of them shall be filled either by an *ad hoc* committee or by the Head, taking other factors into consideration, but not capacity to pay fees, subject to a minimum standard of attainment. There is an obvious danger here that the door may be opened to the child from a better-class home just because he comes from such a home, but it will also let in the child of unusual qualities—artistic and musical, whose performance in English and Arithmetic may not be so high as that of other children, and the child who has been kept back by illness. That a child's future should be settled by his performance in an examination at the tender age of 11 is obviously unfair, and if the merit system is to be extended to cover all grammar and technical high schools it is perhaps worth taking some risks in an attempt to improve it.

The Report also recommends a review of all children at 13, so that misfits on the earlier allocation may be transferred to another school. Once equality of status is achieved, there will not be the same objections to such transfers as there are to-day.

The proposal to set up a new type of secondary school, the technical high school, is new and interesting. The schools would recruit boys at 11 + by a selective examination and provide a five years' course. It is planned to give a liberal education with science as the core of the curriculum. Close association with a technical college, engineering, drawing and practical crafts in the workshops will, it is hoped, produce another alternative to the traditional grammar school course, not only for boys who mean to be engineers, but for those who would profit by a more practical education.

Criticism will be directed against these proposals from the supporters of the multilateral school. If equality of status between all post-primary schools is to be assured, is it better to keep a variety of separate types of schools or to have one school for each area to which all children will go at 11 +, and which will within itself have various "sides"? Under this scheme there would be a grammar school course, a technology course, and courses similar to those of existing selective central schools and modern (senior) schools. If all children attend one school, it is said, there can be no difference of status.

Attractive though the idea is, the Report has turned it down as a general proposition, on the grounds first, that in towns a school of this nature would necessarily be very large, and that as the bulk of the pupils would leave at 15 and 16, the sixth form of the grammar school side would contain a very small proportion of the pupils, and much of its influence on the school as a whole would be lost. But another argument against the multilateral school is that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a head teacher and staff who would be equally well fitted to teach the grammar school and the modern school children. The great educational advance made by the modern school in the last few years has only been possible because these schools have been free from external examinations, and from a hidebound acceptance of academic methods. The grammar school has a long tradition of a high academic standard, and it would be a disaster if this standard, suitable for a particular type of child, were lowered to fit another type of child. It would be equally disastrous if the modern school were brought under the control of a head master or head mistress whose outlook and training was that of the grammar school. The Committee is confident that equality of status can be achieved without sacrificing the special character of either type of school.

Most of the changes proposed in the curriculum will be of special interest to teachers; but the first chapter, which traces the development of the grammar school curriculum from the middle ages to the present day, is of great importance. So, too, is the criticism in the Introduction that "the grammar school curriculum is still largely planned in the interests of pupils who intend to proceed to a University, although 85 per cent. of the pupils do not remain at school beyond the age of 16." In the interests of the majority, the school course should be complete in itself and not only lay the foundation for further study, and should be brought into closer contact with the practical affairs of life. This need is re-enforced by a radical change in the situation in recent years. "Democracy is now

challenged, and the duty of citizenship in a democracy renders it essential that all should be taught to understand and to think to the best of their ability." The importance of Education for Citizenship can hardly be exaggerated, says the Report, as "on the extent to which the youth of this country can be fitted to fulfil later their duties, and to take advantage of their opportunities as citizens of a democratic State, may turn the whole future of democracy, and that not only in this island."

The Committee feels that the teaching of history, and especially of modern history, offers the best opportunity of teaching citizenship to boys and girls under 16, but it also emphasises the importance of learning to think clearly. This can be done, it believes, through the teaching of science and mathematics, so long as the pupils are taught to apply the methods there employed to other subjects, and particularly to those in which their feelings are involved.

Our present system of education, which denies to the working-class child the opportunity that the well-to-do child enjoys as a matter of course, is inconsistent with the claim that England is a democracy. If the administrative proposals of the Report are carried out, a long step will be taken towards equal educational opportunity, and so to a more widespread appreciation of the duties and privileges of citizenship.

GOOD NEWS

I HAVE met several people who look on the present week as eminently a week of good news. War still rages in Spain and in China. The persecution of the Jews has spread, though apparently in a milder form, from Germany to Czechoslovakia. Italy continues to insult France. Motorists go on killing and being killed. There have been the usual number of murders and burglaries. But Mr. and Mrs. Grover have been reunited. When this news was published the sun seemed to many people to shine on a fairer—indeed, on a fairy-tale—world.

A month ago, few of us had heard of Mr. Grover; but, as soon as it became known that he was a prisoner in Russia as a result of his having forced his way into the country in search of his wife, he became for the moment the most interesting human being on earth—a man for whose sake hundreds of thousands of hearts beat faster. There was every element of romance in the story—the husband forbidden to enter Russia, the wife (if not exactly immured) forbidden to leave it. For four years this enforced separation had lasted, and the rescue of the lady seemed impossible. Mr. Grover, however, resolved to attempt the impossible and to invade one of the most powerful nations single-handed. For this purpose it was necessary for him to learn to fly and he hastily took six or seven weeks' lessons in flying. He then bought a rickety aeroplane—"an aged 70 h.p. contraption"—for £173, and set off on a "solo flight of over 600 miles in the worst possible winter weather." It was not that he had any hope of arriving at his wife's home unseen by the authorities. His object was rather to bring his case to the notice of the authorities, and to plead with them in person that he should be allowed either to remain with his wife in Russia or to take her back with him to England. As was to be expected, he was arrested and put on trial for having violated the Soviet frontier.

It seemed from the first report that the Russian court had been moved by the singular heroism of the young amateur airman. And who would not have been? Stories of love and self-sacrifice know no frontiers. Here there is neither East nor West, and it was widely felt that, unless the Russians had been reduced to heartlessness by doctrinaire pedantry, they would set the airman free and bid him and his wife go in peace, not without a sympathetic benediction. Alas, according to the first news, heartlessness had won the day. Mr. Grover was condemned to a fine of 1,000 roubles or a month's imprisonment and to expulsion from Russia, his wife being forbidden to accompany him. It was then announced that as an act of clemency the punishment was to be remitted, all except the most cruel part of it—the expulsion and the refusal to allow the wife to go back with her husband to England. Hearts sank, and the critics of Russia asked whether a people could be called civilised who regarded this petty mitigation of a sentence as an act of mercy calling for gratitude. To keep a man and his wife separate like this—what could be the object of it except pleasure in punishment? Here was a story of devotion that would have moved all but hearts of stone, and the Russians, it was apparent, had hearts of stone. Then, like blue sky after a thunderstorm, came the good news that not only was Mr. Grover to be released from prison but that his wife was to be allowed to go back with him to England. The best in human nature had made its appeal to the best in human nature, and a good deed had been answered by a good deed. How charming the Russians now seemed in the bright light of their kindliness! It was difficult not to picture Stalin as a sort of Dickens character, with a touch of Mr. Pickwick and more than a little of the Brothers Cheeryble in his nature. Anyhow, he made vast numbers of people extraordinarily happy. Even the most sentimental writer could scarcely exaggerate the infection of happiness that the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Grover under the blessing of Stalin sent round the world.

I do not myself wish to exaggerate, however. I will admit the possibility that during the past week a far greater number of English men and women were excited about the results of football matches on which they had staked their pennies than about the fate of Mr. and Mrs. Grover. After all, we have to think largely of self—of money, food, warmth and sleep—and it is only the spare moments of our time that most of us can devote to concern about strangers. I do not think this means, however, that our feelings about Mr. and Mrs. Grover were shallow or, in the bad sense of the word, sentimental. They were a mark, it seems to me, of the deep-seated love of mercy, which is as old as human civilisation. Men have won immortal fame for themselves by a single act of mercy. We cannot help feeling almost affectionately towards Dionysius the tyrant because, struck by the nobility of the friendship between Damon and Pythias—whose name, scholars say, was something else—he spared Damon's life and begged to be taken as a third into their fellowship. I doubt whether there is a single example of clemency in history that we should like to see expunged from the records. It is the lack of clemency that makes the heart sink. A young South African in his teens was punished with death as a rebel—who is there to-day that, recognising his heroism and simplicity of heart, would not have spared him? Sacco and Vanzetti, again—the lack of clemency has in their case left them ennobled but remains a dishonour to those who punished them. Take the history of any modern State that has been involved in war or in civil war, and you will find that the brightest pages in that history are those which record acts of mercy and that the most shameful pages are those that tell of mercilessness, harshness and cruelty. To shoot or bayonet men who have been taken prisoner—that always seems the vilest incident in a war.

The love of mercy is, of course, an intermittent passion. When men see blood-red in the excitement of hatred nothing will satisfy them but blood. "Ought to be put against a wall and shot"—how often did I hear this said about Sinn Feiners and Conscientious Objectors during the War. Even fairly decent people go mad during wars, riots and persecutions. I have no doubt there were many quite likeable people in the crowd that stoned Stephen to death and, even in his persecuting days, Saul of Tarsus cannot have been a mere monster of wickedness. Even during strikes I have heard amiable enough men talking in the "Shoot-'em-down" strain, and it is never quite beyond the power of the virtuous to persuade themselves that it is necessary occasionally to be cruel to be kind. On the whole, however, I believe that every human being who is not a sadist is a great deal happier when he is merciful than when

he is cruel. You would imagine that, if they had any sense, human beings would take to clemency if only for selfish reasons. Of all forms of self-indulgence, it is at once the most beneficent and the most enjoyable.

How does it come then that, in a world that loves mercy, mercilessness has in recent years gone from triumph to triumph and seized absolute power in one country after another? Is it that the merciless have a greater power to unite than the merciful? Is mercilessness a form of energy, and mercy a form of indolence? One is sometimes tempted to think so, and obviously an indolent man is less likely than his energetic fellow to become a persecutor or even a fighter. Still, mercy is more than a negation. The missionaries of mercy have in the past been possessed of an energy that has altered the face of the world—not transformed it, perhaps, but altered it as much for the better as the merciless have altered it for the worse. And the great mass of human beings are probably even now on their side. With cruelty human nature narrows: with mercy it expands as if into fulness of life. Shakespeare, the supreme dramatist of mercy in *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline*, knew this, and his plays might be taken as a text-book by the rulers of mankind. "Pardon's the word for all." But we need not go to Shakespeare to discover how charming, how cheering, a thing mercy is. The news in this week's papers showed it. One good deed to a hitherto unknown man and his wife, and a multitude of ordinary human beings relaxed into unaccountable cheerfulness as though the world, suffering from a dangerous fever, had at last taken a turn for the better.

Y. Y.

KITES

In the autumn of 1937 the *Times* . . . threw out a cautious suggestion that the union of Austria with Germany might be desirable. . . . The article was repudiated at Whitehall. In September, 1938, the *Times* threw out a cautious suggestion that the Sudeten-German areas might be ceded . . . the article was officially repudiated. In December, 1938, the *Times* threw out a cautious suggestion that Franco might be accorded belligerent rights.—Douglas Reed, *World Review*, January.

ONCE more by densest fog surrounded,
Appeasement's murky moves progress,
The Munich *motif*, sweetly sounded,
Fresh Axis enterprise may bless.
We cease to hope for "No" or "Yes"
From those who England's darkness guide,
Of rumour we can only guess.
It's not official until denied.

When Whitehall owns itself astounded
At some unsanctioned *Times* excess,
When Ministers are quite dumbfounded
And total ignorance profess,
By feats of Government finesse
Strip-teasing what they seem to hide,
That news is gospel, more or less,
It's not official until denied.

Are colonies to be impounded
The crime of Versailles to redress?
Will City charity unbounded
Aid worthy Nazis in distress?
Without suspicion of duress
Is Franco to be satisfied
While Parliament is in recess?
It's not official until denied.

One clue unerring we do possess,
The old *Times* kite is always tried.
Observe the *canard à la presse*,
It's not official until denied.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

KAREL ČAPEK

KAREL ČAPEK was known in the world of letters as the author of plays which, though full of fantasy, dealt with urgent topical problems, and he was known also in particular for his witty travel sketches which revealed a delightful humour and a subtle simplicity testifying to his mastery of the author's craft.

In the literature of his own country, however, Karel Čapek marked the beginning of an important epoch, and his name is closely associated with the twenty prosperous years which followed the establishment of an independent Czechoslovakia. Are we to attribute a symbolical meaning to his death at the age of 48 at a critical juncture when his country had just been maimed? Let us hope that this is not the case. There are many who hold the view that Czechoslovakia during this period of its political advance had a number of writers greater than Čapek in prophetic imagination. But nobody characterised this period in the history of Czechoslovakia more strikingly than Čapek by reason of his sympathy with Western Europe, his profound intelligence and simplicity, his attachment to democratic ideas and his adroitness in respect of technique. In his versatility and unpretentiousness he formed an exact analogy to the Czech workman and small farmer. He was both guileless and shrewd, and his love for the simple things in life had a strong philosophical conviction as its basis. He left behind him close upon thirty books: novels, short stories, plays, philosophical studies and aesthetic essays, travel sketches and political articles. He was a journalist and a theatrical producer, he took an active part in controversies on form in modern painting, he made masterly verse translations of modern French lyric poetry, and on top of all this he found time to collect butterflies and minerals, he was an expert amateur photographer and his garden, which he tended himself, was one of the finest in Prague. One of his friends said in reference to him: "He is like King Midas; whatever he touches is changed into gold," and, indeed, those delicate hands of his were amazingly skilful. He had remarkable eyes which seemed to radiate the startled wonder of someone who is always discovering new things in the world. At the same time, right until the end of his life there was something very boyish about him, something vital and matter-of-fact. He did not possess merely the childlike attributes of a man of genius; he had also the practical ability of a handy man, and this is a typical Czech quality.

Like most modern Czech authors, Čapek began to write under the inspiration of French literature, and in particular, under the auspices of Baudelaire, Rimbaud and Apollinaire. He was also devoted to Shelley, Keats and Walt Whitman. With his brother Josef, who is also a painter, he wrote a weekly series of prose pieces, the style of which, a blend of mockery and lyricism, aroused conjectures that it was the work of a French author writing under a Czech pseudonym. The literary tendencies of the two brothers changed as they grew older and began to study philosophy seriously. At that period of his life Karel was contemplating the possibility of a university career as professor of philosophy. He wrote a work on the pragmatism of William James and the new humanism of F. S. C. Schiller, and much of what he subsequently wrote bore the imprint of the philosophical ideas which he then imbibed. In the strict sense of the word, however, he was not so much a pragmatist as a believer in the vitalism of Bergson. It is interesting to note that during this early stage of his philosophical studies he was one of the few young men of his generation upon whom Masaryk had no influence.

Ever since the 'eighties of the last century Czech culture has been directed towards Western Europe. The Czechs owe much to the Germans, especially to the German writers of the classical and romantic periods. But at the same time it was the German menace which made it so difficult for the Czechs

to develop an intellectual life of their own. Hence it is not surprising that the chief aim of such outstanding Czechs as Vrchlický, the great poet, or Masaryk, the great philosopher, was to liberate their fellow-countrymen from the German thrall and "to open the window to Europe," as the current phrase then was. Through Vrchlický it was Latin culture which gained admittance into Czech cultural life; Masaryk's influence introduced there such thinkers as Locke, Mill, Hume, Spencer and Buckle, and this aroused a keen Czech interest in English life and literature. What is known as Masaryk's "realism" meant a departure from German formalism in life and thought, and an approach to Anglo-Saxon concrete and practical conceptions; it likewise denoted the introduction of an ethical and democratic spirit into literary and political movements. As regards this latter tendency, it may be said to have been brought to its culmination by Karel Čapek in his literary work, which in many ways represents the most English factor in Czech literature. Wherever he influenced post-war Czech writers, he brought them closer into touch with the urgent needs and tasks of life, and in his own work he set them an example of how to produce literature with moral and social responsibility. His last novel, *The First Shift*, the subject-matter of which is derived from the life of miners, is intended as a portrayal of social heroism. In spite of these tendencies, the aesthetic side of his work did not suffer. He had a supreme command of the Czech language, in the development of which he inaugurated a new epoch. No Czech writer before him had handled spoken Czech with such effectiveness for literary purposes. Moreover, every sentence which he wrote bears witness to his fastidious choice of words and his instinct for grouping them with the best possible effects of sound and meaning. There are passages in his work where, amid the simplest sentences, can be heard a lyrical melody which recalls the music of Dvořák, while elsewhere the melancholy cadence may be compared with Smetana's programme music. For even when dealing with utilitarian subject-matter, Čapek did not cease to be an artist.

There are several Czech writers whose creative power is no less than his, but there is scarcely any other with the same consummate technique of literary expression. It is therefore not a matter of mere chance that he achieved such world-wide fame, but it is a matter for regret that some of his artistically finest works are still unknown to the world at large. His European significance is due directly to the fact that he had a European mind, but he was nevertheless an artist with national and patriotic sentiments. What made him great, however, was that every national question upon which he touched was, at the same time, a question affecting humanity as a whole.

There is one final word to be said. All of us who realise that this great author could scarcely have continued to write without restraint in the country whose leading literary representative he was for twenty years, can understand what his personality signified to Europe and what significance Europe should attach to his unhappy country. JOSEF KODIČEK

THE CIRCUS

Bertram Mills' Circus, at Olympia.
Circus Krone, at Agricultural Hall, Islington.
Winter Cavalcade, at Earls Court.

What makes the circus? The animals, the acrobats, the clowns? All three? If one had to be dropped, I suppose it would be the clowns; there is not much room in modern entertainment for the comic-pathetic. At Islington, as they totter about between acts, like passers-by after an explosion, as they blow trombones or dangle sausages or unroll incredible lengths of sleeve, they already have a superannuated look; at Olympia (where probably they are better paid), they retain a certain importance and virtuosity. Olympia boasts a woman clown, enough dwarfs to make a Snow White, clowns with electrified noses, clowns riding in palanquins. They are expensive to suit the show. And the best clown of all is at Olympia. It is some time before you are aware of him, a tramp lighting matches among the audience. Once he has fixed you, you do not forget him. The white bears bow, the Liberty ponies bounce round the ring in buxom waves, round and round changing positions: you look to see what has become of your tramp. There he is sitting in some stall or high gallery, striking matches and gazing with anxious attention at giggling lovers or a staid couple in evening dress who look past him in horror. He comes nearer: he is wearing a bowler hat, he has an Assyrian nose, huge white lips, and sad eyes which never flicker. Folding his coat tails he assumes the attitude of *Le Penseur* on the seat in front of you. . . . . From time to time he disappears, to return in another phase of his pilgrimage. I watch him carrying a plank which he tries to affix wherever he sees empty seats adjacent or on opposite sides of a gangway. Late in the evening, before disappearing altogether, he comes round with a broom to sweep up fag-ends; and in moments of inattention—he has a skivvy's dumbstruck admiration of people—he leans on the broom. This anonymous genius, whom I shall remember when I have forgotten everything else about this year's circus, is called, I believe, the American Hobo.

Yet the clowns are disappearing. Children don't find them so funny, and the few with talent put off their powder and become expert comedians, while the rest fade. Charlie Rivels, at Olympia gives an inspired imitation of Chaplin on the tight-rope; it is brilliant but second hand. Better, and in an older tradition, are those three comedians with a taxi at Islington, Les Leonards; the taxi has oval wheels, trap doors on top and at the back, and can let off fireworks or start by itself; they set out for a ride in the country. One almost sees the Keystone landscape flickering past.

Comedy, of course, will never disappear from the circus—even the Roman games had their knockabout. The precision of trapezists, bareback jumpers, jugglers, is on a heroic plane; whips crack over the clumsy paradox of elephants playing skittles or donkeys waltzing; it needs the clown—as clumsy as a chimp but with the licence to do what he pleases—to bring the two together. A circus of heroic men and grovelling animals would be intolerable. As it is, the lion-tamer surrounded by growlers begins to look more like a political cartoon than an entertainment.

The best animals this year are at Islington. The seals there revel in their superlative juggling—a far more effective act than the trumpet-blowing sea-lions at Olympia. Seals are natural jugglers; and why, one wonders, cannot these animal acts be determined more often by the natural propensities of the animals? Chimps do almost anything, from roller-skating to cigar-smoking, yet for some reason (health?) they are never starred in circuses. The best acrobat in the world is the concolor gibbon; probably no animal trainer has ever heard of him. Parrots talk: why not a choir of parrots? And pigeons! There should be flights of doves. Instead, we watch the spectacle of horses standing (or trying to stand) on their hind legs, donkeys sitting in dentist's chairs, cats (cats!) obeying a word of command. The reason why such performances are apt to be painful is not, as the humanitarian assumes, that their preparation necessarily involves suffering, but that the performances themselves are exceedingly awkward. If it were not a horse but a bear which rose on its hind legs, if it were a chimp instead of a donkey that lay back in the dentist's chair, we should notice nothing wrong because the actions would be natural. In the Circus Krone there are two animal acts which contrast remarkably for grace: the milk white asses (what an achievement, the programme emphasises, to have got them into the ring) react so slowly even to slaps on the backside that we are bored before they start their tricks; the bears, on the other hand, show themselves to be remarkably adaptable, and ride motor-bicycles with a degree of skill we may find ourselves envying.

The human acrobats, both at Olympia and at Islington, are superb. The high trapezists leaping to slow music, the dancers

on horses as broad as railway trucks, the clowns leaving the ring—these are the real moments of every circus. But why are there no spangles on the roof, why (at Olympia) five trapeze acts going at once? As usual, Olympia is best for star acts and Islington best as circus. Children will probably prefer the second; there is a profusion of elephants, bears, tigers, seals, as well as ponies.

Winter Cavalcade would have seemed more exciting if it had not been cut out by the weather in the streets. The first half of the programme consists of acrobatics and a tireless chorus of a hundred girls, who dance off to Mexico and Brazil and wherever the sun is hottest. But alas, Earls Court is huge, and they are very far away. In any case at a temperature of under forty there's not much sex appeal. The second half of the programme, the ski-ing by a team of experts, is thrilling. They start at a mountain top with heads almost touching the roof and end up spraying snow into the orchestra. Like most modern sports this is accompanied by jazz (syncopated carols on New Year's Eve) and the engaging tones of an announcer.

G. W. STONIER

THE MOVIES

"I am the Law," at the Regal
"The Cowboy and the Lady," at the Gaumont (Monday)
"Chéri-Bibi," at the Berkeley
"The Soviet Expedition to the North Pole," at the Forum

THE cosy code of Hollywood morality is again demonstrated by the latest films of Edward G. Robinson and Gary Cooper. Goodness and domesticity are now all the rage; you're simply not in it unless you possess a whimsical outlook, a cute white terrier, and an appreciation of the Big Simple Things of Life. Robinson, who has so often delighted us with his suave villainy, is now a Law Professor with a passion for justice, a dislike of holidays, and a supposedly endearing habit of burning holes in his pockets with a lighted pipe. (As Worcestershire and Moscow well know, there is something about a pipe.) *I Am the Law* presents the unfamiliar spectacle of Robinson cleaning up a nest of tough folk in his home town, and makes quite an enjoyable specimen of the gangster movie. The plot, if a little too improbable towards the end, always remains ingenious, Wendy Barrie contributes an amusingly intelligent blond doll (school of Damon Runyon), and there is a lovely dog. A good Class B film. *The Cowboy and the Lady* is a threadbare affair, with the stalest plot in California and nothing to redeem it except Mr. Cooper's unique skill in portraying shy, lanky creatures in the Middle or Far West. Even his charm is severely tested by a scene in which he surveys the house he is building for his wife, and chalks two circles on the floor marked SPECIAL CHAIR FOR MARY and SPECIAL CHAIR FOR ME: a fancy which might well incarnadine the cheeks of our own professional whimsy-mongers. Merle Oberon has the thankless part of a lady pretending to be a lady's maid, and there is a horrible old boy of the new Nuts-in-May order called Uncle Hannibal, who says, "Don't mind me, I'm only the poor relation," and has a whole lot of senile fun dancing the heebie-jeebies at a night club: "When I think of the time I've wasted teaching political economy," he remarks; but what we think of is the time his unfortunate pupils wasted.

This new cult of nice, warm, muddled emotions is preferable to the old glorification of anti-social behaviour which used to fill our screens with lovable gangsters and heroic thugs. But it follows straight after a period when films had begun to draw their material from life as it is really lived, and once or twice to attack with bitterness and courage the very abuses that America least cares to admit. There were *Fury* and *They Won't Forget*, which dealt with the lynching problem; there was *Dead End*, and *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, and *Zola*. Even a starring commercial film like *Captains Courageous* painted the life and work of a deep-sea fishing fleet with a gripping reality which makes recent American successes look shoddy. What the cinema needs is not mere realism, but a pictorial imagination that constantly draws upon the facts of real life. In England we are beginning to learn this lesson: for years Grierson, Rotha, Cavalcanti, Watt and the rest have been making those superb documentaries which are thought in some quarters unsuitable to represent us at the New York World Fair. But the past year has brought the breath of life into some of our feature films, too—notably *Owd Bob*, *Bank Holiday*, and the Welsh parts of *The Citadel*. Indeed, artistically if not commercially, it has been a good year for the English cinema: that brilliant young director, Anthony Asquith, at last given his head on a good subject, has made a world success out of *Pygmalion;* and in his particular field Mr. Hitchcock has never done better work than *The Lady Vanishes*. It will be a tragedy if the stranglehold of the renters is allowed to kill an industry at the very moment when it is showing such vigorous signs of life.

Chéri-Bibi is a fairly exciting melodrama of Devil's Island, in which a gang of prisoners led by Pierre Fresnay twice attempt to escape, once on the ship, once in Guiana. It lacks a unifying idea, only the more picturesque features of criminal psychology are illustrated, and most people will find two escape sequences one too many. M. Fresnay's performance, in a role very different from those he usually plays, is impressively dour and masterful. The Soviet Expedition film, lasting about an hour, gives the impression that the expedition had no scientific purpose but merely desired to plant the Red Flag at the North Pole; nor is there a word about the famous rescue from the drifting ice-floe to make up for the lack of scientific interest. Some of the aerial photography is fine, but the continual white shows all too clearly the familiar landscape of the Forum screen. The programme also contains that splendid French film, *Gribouille*.

What of 1939? It is rumoured that Chaplin will make a film called *The Dictator* and even that he will play the part himself; and it is certain that Mr. Aldous Huxley has been at work on a script of the life of Mme. Curie intended for Greta Garbo: an impersonation which one awaits with interest and a trace of alarm. At any rate, let us hope that Tyrone Power will not elect, during the coming year, to appear as Socrates, Carlyle, or T. E. Lawrence.

PETER GALWAY

SUICIDE CORNER

WHEN a ship enters Valencia harbour and the pilot tells the captain to bear to port and tie up at the docks at the far end, the captain groans, for this is "suicide corner." It's a seaman's prerogative to grumble and he makes the most of it; the pilot doesn't listen and anyway, he thinks the grumbling in this case a trifle redundant. Every third berth in the port of Valencia has a sunken ship in it; hit or miss, that's the way it goes, what does it matter where you are. So the skipper, still grumbling, ties up his ship, looking down from the bridge at the masts and funnel of a sunken freighter ahead of him, and at the rust-brown upturned flank of a freighter astern of him looking for all the world like a dead horse in a field. A glance ashore is more assuring, a new refugio has been built—the only smart new thing on these battered docks—the captain's practised eye counts it twenty-eight seconds flat from his deck to the refugio.

The day after his arrival in Valencia, Chief Officer Rogers of the—let's call her the *Cloverleaf*, it's not her real name—registry: British, home port: Gibraltar, wasn't grumbling about being in "suicide corner." He'd been up town the night before and had had, as he expressed it, "one over the eight." Now he was tapering off, not too rapidly, and his state of slight exaltation made him indifferent to present danger—he was dwelling on a past grievance. On her way to Valencia the *Cloverleaf* had been stopped at sea by a Fascist plane. The chief was off watch, but he was the only man on board who knew the Morse code, so he left his bunk to

reply to the plane's flashed signals; they meant that the ship was to proceed to Palma; the chief started to argue, but it's difficult to argue in the Morse code, particularly when the other fellow has a machine gun, so he flashed a reluctant compliance. The captain having changed the course slightly—it still wasn't strictly speaking the true course for Palma—told the first mate what he thought of the Fascist bastards, the mate replied in kind, it was an exchange of opinion which was already worn out by repetition, they awaited events.

At dawn the events came in the shape of two destroyers, they escorted the *Cloverleaf* up to Cape Formentor for questioning. Some officers and men came on board from one of the destroyers, incidentally they were all Germans, not a Spaniard among them. They crowded into the captain's cabin, the captain exploded. "Send those bloody men out of here!" he roared at one of the officers, "I'm an ex-commander of the British Navy and I'll have no one but officers in my quarters." The men withdrew. The captain, with the comforting knowledge that he had only a cargo of coal below hatches—his ship was as innocent if not as white as a lamb—could afford to bluster. He turned to his non-intervention officer and waved a hand at the young Germans. "Can't understand their bloody language," he said. The non-intervention officer, by chance, was a German too, he invited the invaders into his cabin, took out some German illustrated papers, talked of the Fatherland, broke out a few bottles of beer. The invaders subsequently glanced at the coal, gave the captain and chief officer a baulked and baleful look, saluted and departed. The *Cloverleaf* continued her journey to the haven of "suicide corner."

"But they're after us," said the mate, concluding his story. Indignation gave way to sadness. "Not the *Cloverleaf*, but they are after the old man and me, wherever we hang our hats they're after us. We've been in the game too long, we're on their blacklist. We've been bombed and bombed, look at that!" he held out a trembling hand, "that's seventy-eight bombardments makes it shake like that, it isn't good for a man, I ought to go home and rest." "How about the seventy-ninth bombardment up town last night?" I asked, trying to bring the conversation round to a more pleasant subject, and remembering the "One over the eight." "That might be it, too," he conceded, "to-day anyway. Booze and bombs, they both get you, it's hard to keep away from them." "Why are they after you particularly?" I asked. "Gijon," he answered, "I was there, I was running refugees up to Arcachon. Sometimes we'd have a thousand on the deck at once, mostly women and children. They'd sit and shiver there all night, we put a tarpaulin over number two hatch, but it couldn't cover them all. They'd sit and stare at the Spanish shore as long as they could see it. I took the last bunch out just as Gijon fell they packed on like sheep that time. I wasn't in this ship then—did you notice when you came into port here a ship just outside the breakwater, only the masts and funnel above water? Well, that's her. We didn't get away fast enough that night at Gijon, they trained the machine guns on us from the shore and raked the ship. We buried one hundred and twenty-six that night at sea. I've been in other ships out here since then, this place gets you, you know, you can't stand it, but you can't leave it. First and last the old man and I have done a lot of things that don't just please the other fellow, and I know he's trying to get us."

The chief officer's naturally gay face seemed set in downcast lines. It was seven o'clock. "Come up town and try the rum at my hotel," I urged. "That's good rum there," he said, "I know it. Thanks. Just a minute while I wash up—and then let's stop by that Irish ship that has just come in, we're out of fags here, we'll snaffle a few off her."

We went on board the Irish ship, talked to the crew. We snaffled a few fags for the evening consumption off the chief engineer and we boarded a tram uptown.

At nine that evening the siren blew. Ten Junker planes were shovelling out bombs on the port. A group of us stood in the darkened room looking at the sky, feeling the thud of the air on our bodies as the bombs burst; feeling in our hearts the accustomed rage and indignation; expressing it to each other for the hundredth time in utter futility.

Next morning I visited the Irish ship. Shrapnel had bored through the steel plate on one side of her and come out on the other. Her superstructure looked like a sieve, her black side was scorched and whitened. All of her crew save one sailor and the cook had been on shore, the non-intervention officer was in the refugio. The sailor had had his arm torn by shrapnel as he ran. The cook and the engineer's canary were the only living things on board when the bomb struck. The cook and the canary both were dead.

Astern of the Irish ship the *Cloverleaf* was loading onions. Chief Officer Rogers was bawling orders from the deck, the winches were clattering. I shouted to him from the dock. He gave me a grin and a wave of his hand as I enquired after his health. The *Cloverleaf* was untouched.

Valencia. LORNA LINDSLEY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"See How They Fly," at Shell-Mex House

A visit to this exhibition will be enjoyed by intelligent children and by all grown-ups who have retained the intellectual curiosity of childhood, and the love of twiddling knobs and making models move. After starting with charming models of flying grasshoppers, stag-beetles and swallows, the visitor is instructed by a model, which he can work himself, in the principles of aerodynamics. Then came man's first efforts—drawings and models of the early flying machines from Leonardo onwards. There is an especially interesting representation of Stringfellow's steam-driven machine—the first to fly under its own power. The second half of the exhibition shows many of the devices used in modern aeroplanes. Then there is a wall model, to be manipulated by the visitor, who can guide a model, thanks to realistic noises, along a wireless beam and land it safely in its aerodrome. These toys are illustrations of the methods employed in aerial survey and the uses of photographs from the air in archaeology by revealing ancient earthworks, hut-circles, etc., invisible on the surface. Though not so large or impressive as that at the Science Museum, the show has an aesthetic unity due to the grouping and the colours, and its organisers may be congratulated. Two additions may be suggested—one of examples of early petrol motors such as the Gnome and the Green, with modern engines, the other a world map showing all the air lines in operation and the actual positions at a particular moment of all the aircraft, of all nations, employed on them.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 6th—
F.P.S.I. Conference on Education for World Citizenship, High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Till Jan. 8th. Partics. from MUS. 6975.

SATURDAY, January 7th—
Exhibition of Piccasso's "Guernica," Whitechapel Art Gallery. Till Jan. 15. Talk on the paintings by Eric Newton, 3.30.
Fiesta in aid of Food for Spain, Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1, 7.30.

SUNDAY, January 8th—
W. B. Curry: "Peace with the Dictators?" Conway Hall, 11.
National Memorial Meeting for Men of the International Brigade, Empress Hall, Earl's Court, 7.30.
London Theatre Concert, Cambridge Theatre, 8.30.

MONDAY, January 9th—
Exhibition of Photographs of Greek Sculpture and Pottery, Warburg Institute. Till Jan. 21st.
Public Meeting on Abyssinia. Speaker: G. L. Steer, Central Hall, 8.

TUESDAY, January 10th—
Dr. M. Davidson: "The Origin of the Solar System," Conway Hall, 7.
Dr. Hermann Mannheim: "Crime and Punishment," Mary Ward Settlement, 8. First course of 12 lectures.

WEDNESDAY, January 11th—
Talk on Piccasso's "Guernica," by Herbert Read, Whitechapel Art Gallery, 7.30.

THURSDAY, January 12th—
Conference on Mental Health, Central Hall. Till Jan. 14th. Particulars and tickets from National Council for Mental Hygiene, 76/77 Chandos House, Palmer Street, S.W.1.
H. Finer: "The Terms of National Unity," Livingstone Hall, 8.
Stage Society Meeting. Dr. G. B. Harrison: "Principles of Shakespearian Production," 66 Portland Place, 8.30. Guests 6*d*

Correspondence

"CAN DEMOCRACY BE EFFICIENT?"

SIR,—Quite rightly Mr. Morrison condemns "people whose main purpose in politics is to maintain the privileges of the well-to-do and to keep the masses in a position of economic subjection."

The newly published Spens Report once again shows us that education is the proper weapon to use against such people. This report recommends that while we are waiting for free secondary education, 100 per cent. special places should be universally created.

Will Mr. Morrison explain why the Socialist L.C.C. has failed to create 100 per cent. special places when Conservative Essex has done so?

Mr. Morrison also urges that democratic procedure can be expeditious if the men in charge are capable of decision.

Presumably the present L.C.C. is controlled by "real democrats of the Left," so I would like to ask Mr. Morrison a second question.

Why is it that so little has been done to remove the reproach of out-of-date school buildings? In connection with this question I would remind Mr. Morrison that it must be two years now since Sir Frederick Mander, of the National Union of Teachers, made his trenchant attack on London's "slum schools," a description, by the way, of the buildings and not of the district. I would also remind him that, while disgraceful buildings remain untouched, comparatively new schools are being reconditioned. Amenities which could be rapidly created in a wholesale manner are not created. Where is the democratic drive? JOHN HALY

45 Calais Gate,
Myatts Park, S.E.5.

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—I had expected a considerable response, from worthier pens than mine, to Miss Judith Corcoran's letter in your number of December 24th. Failing that, however, may I offer one or two observations?

In the first place, what is "Democracy"? Is it merely an affair of clamouring for "Rights" and "Liberties," without any effort in return? If so—and this appears to be the popular conception—then no wonder the Dictators genuinely despise us.

I suggest that democracy should consist of something more constructive than constant abuse of Hitler. Not that I want him over here, nor anyone like him; but if he has stirred us out of our complacency, and caused us to think, he deserves our thanks, not blame.

The right answer to him is not vociferous warfare, which does no good; but something in the nature of deeds. The people of Germany—or Russia, if you prefer—are trained to give some service to their community before they claim their full status as citizens. What have we to show against this? Nothing but a wordy clamour for "rights."

I do not suggest any abrogation of these: but I do urge that they should be clearly accepted as the fruits of service; and that nobody should claim a vote, for instance, who has not performed some duty to his country. If this is "undemocratic," then I, for one, lose interest in democracy. The greatest achievement of Hitler is not his military machine, but his Labour Corps. I would that every man (and woman) here should serve in some way—whether building roads, clearing slums, cleaning the streets, or in some other of those essential social tasks which we now, most of us, delegate to others all our lives. This would indeed be Socialism; it would improve the general physique and morale, and would be a splendid corrective for many purely intellectual Socialists.

And, until it is done, how can we deserve to survive against the competition of less complacent nations?

Exemption from such service would be granted only to those who chose to volunteer for the Fighting Services. In a somewhat crazy world, these must be kept strong; and here would be Democracy's answer to the present moral superiority of the "Total" States. It is this factor that counts even more than arms; if democrats are not willing to work—and fight, if necessary, for their country—then the Dictators deserve to win. And, make no mistake, they *will* win in that case; the forces of evolution, and the march of events, will place them on top, in spite of all wordy protests to the contrary.

Therefore, it is up to us, if we wish to keep our own customs, to show that we, too, can achieve discipline and service.

As to a democratic army, it is interesting to note that Miss Corcoran is aware of the virtues which may be inherent in an army, and I think the best answer on this point is the experience of Russia and Spain. In both countries, the Republicans started to run their armies on very "democratic" lines. In practice, this easily degenerated into anarchy; which simply does not work, and least of all in an army. The recent improvement of the Republican Army is very largely—probably chiefly—due to the improved quality of the officers, and the better discipline. In Russia they seem to have evolved an officer class almost as distinct as our own. (Especially now that any really suitable man in the ranks is eagerly pushed through Sandhurst or Woolwich at the Government's expense—thus making little to choose between ourselves and Russia, in the matter of selection.)

In brief, let democracy place discipline first, and "liberties" after, if it is to survive. The price of such privileges must be willing service—which does not, however, mean leaving things to chance. G. SWAYNE THOMAS

48 Pembridge Villas, W.11.

CHILD LABOUR IN KENYA COLONY

SIR,—A Kenya Government Committee has recently reported on juvenile labour in the Colony. They recommend that the minimum legal age of 10, sanctioned in April of this year, be raised to 12; that in "industrial undertakings" it be raised from 12 to 14 years; that penal sanctions of the labour code should not apply to children, and other reforms.

There is danger that, in the face of the reforms recommended, public opinion may be lulled and silence give consent to children of 12 being exploited unfairly. The Committee states, without protest, that the pay ranges from 1½*d.* to under 3*d.* a day with cheap food. It does not comment on the fact that there is no workmen's compensation legislation in force, except in the mining industry; that there is no sickness benefit for occupational illnesses; that employers accept no responsibility for seeing that the child reaches home after the completion of the contract; and while admitting that drinking does occur among children in labour lines, brushes aside this objection. Strangest of all, there is not a single comment on the fact that labour lines to which the children go are places where sexual immorality is a problem with its spread of venereal disease, that some Europeans at such places disgrace themselves by cohabiting with African women, nor any protest against children being committed to work for periods up to a year or longer, in such an atmosphere.

These children are not like ours, literate, and therefore able to keep in touch with their mothers whilst distant from their homes. An African mother, presumably, does not need to hear of her child for months on end. When they do come back, many of them are sadly unamenable to parental and tribal discipline.

Ultimately, your readers amongst others are of those who are responsible for policies carried out in those African dependencies for which we are the self-appointed trustees. Are we really satisfied that by employing children far distant from their homes in labour lines from the age of 12 we are discharging out trust worthily? I, who have lived for the past 34 years in Uganda and Kenya, view it with deep concern.

Some of the so-called safeguards which the Committee recommend will not safeguard the children. W. E. OWEN,
Archdeacon of Kavirondo, Kenya

Stocks Green,
Hildenborough,
Tonbridge.

HUMAN FIGURES

SIR,—Under this heading in your issue of December 24th Dr. Harry Roberts referred to a social study, *Poverty and Population*, by Richard M. Titmuss, which has recently been published. Although he advises everyone interested in social hygiene to read it, unfortunately he gives no indication of its treatment of the problem of poverty. Reviewers are, I know, only human, and are busy like the rest of us at Christmas; but it seems a pity that after recommending this book to the general reader, and the Registrar-General's Decennial Supplement to the specialised student, he devotes the rest of his article largely to the latter.

In linking *Poverty and Population* to the Annual Report of the Chief Medical Officer, Dr. Roberts remarks: "Superficially

regarded, most of the statistics which these books present are comforting enough." I have carefully read the book and cannot agree. This opinion I should like to substantiate.

The author points out that the Ministry of Health and other authorities use what he describes as a " debased measurement " in comparing regional mortality rates with the national rate. For instance, the higher rates in the North, which includes nearly one-third of our total population, have weighted the national average, which therefore does not reveal the actual gap between depressed and non-depressed areas. This is, I believe, the first study of its kind, giving as it does a regional analysis of vital statistics, to use the South East as a " measuring-rod."

Dr. Roberts discusses infant mortality and quotes from the Registrar-General disparities between the rates for certain boroughs, but *Poverty and Population* shows that had the rate in the South-East obtained in the North and Wales for the period 1931–6, over 30,000 infants would not have died. The author concludes from his statistical study that 53,951 excess and avoidable deaths occurred during 1936 in the North and Wales or over 500,000 since the 1931 depression. Here is no cause for comfort.

We must make our comparison, not with the conditions fifty years ago, but as between the standard of health already achieved in some large areas of the country and that still to be attained in others. The problem is predominantly one of poverty; it is a problem of our " new diseases," the alleviation of which is dependent, in my opinion, on our ability to solve the cheap distribution of milk, butter, eggs, green vegetables and fruit.

Committee Against Malnutrition, F. LE GROS CLARK
19c Eagle Street, W.C.1.

[Dr. Roberts writes:—Mr. Le Gros Clark has courteously sent me a copy of the communication which he proposed to send to the *N.S. & N.* I can only advise those who did not read my article in your Christmas Eve issue to haee a look at it and see what I really did say. I am sure that Mr. Le Gros Clark has no intention of misrepresenting me—we are so closely in agreement in this matter—but I was so astonished at his presentation of my attitude that I hurriedly looked up my article to reassure myself as to what I actually wrote. Mr. Le Gros Clark says, " Dr. Roberts remarks: ' Superficially regarded, most of the statistics which these books present are comforting enough.' I cannot agree." He omits my subsequent sentence, four lines further on, " Encouraging as these reductions are, there is little excuse for complacency." The moral which I drew from the official figures is that the biggest hygienic enemies in our path at present are poverty and overcrowding. I preferred to get my figures from the impartial official publications, rather than from a book obviously and rightly written to support a thesis. (Incidentally, Mr. Titmuss also obtained most of his figures from the Registrar-General's returns.) I cannot help suspecting that Mr. Le Gros Clark has not read very carefully the Registrar-General's latest Decennial Supplement. In view of his comment on Mr. Titmuss's comparison of the mortality rates in the South-East with those in the North and Wales, I would refer him to pp. 360 to 390 of the Registrar General's Supplement.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

ANTI-VIVISECTION

SIR,—Your anti-vivisection correspondents ignore the fact that there are very few actual literal vivisection experiments each year, and that in this country they are all performed under anaesthesia, and the animals are killed if suffering is likely to ensue. Nor does the use of animals for the purpose of curing or alleviating disease prevent clinicians and pathologists from pursuing many other forms of research.

It is food for the cynic to know that the possible suffering of a few score animals can evoke abuse from Mr. Bernard Shaw whilst he complacently avers that no principles are at stake in Spain. As one who for many years sat at his feet and owes much to him I feel bound to make this protest.

London, S.W.1. H. BECKETT-OVERY, M.D., F.R.C.S.

SIR,—When G. Bernard Shaw is compelled to answer your correspondents by asserting that in supporting certain views they have left " their brains behind them," one feels that it is his realisation of the weakness of his own case that makes him use the method of lesser men who replace arguments with sneers at the intellectual abilities of their opponents. G. Bernard Shaw never " leaves his brains behind him," but he sometimes allows " the unconscious self which is the real genius " (*Man and Superman*) to take command, and then we find both his ability to judge a question and even to write clear English submerged by taboos to the influence of which not even he is immune.

How else could he have written " As to the pursuit of knowledge, I go so far as to maintain that there are many things that a decent person ought not to know "? What is Mr. Shaw's " decent person "? Is he one who agrees with the passage in which (*Preface to Three Plays* by Brieux) Mr. Shaw says " decency . . . is simply the observance of a set of taboos "? In other words, does Mr. Shaw mean that even the pursuit of knowledge can go too far if it prevents the observance of certain taboos—his particular one being vivisection?

And how else could he have written " I totally deny that in the case of desirable knowledge there is only one way of discovering and testing it, and that the way of the vivisection laboratory "? Who has ever made such an assertion? Who in fact does confine himself to the vivisection laboratory? Mr. Shaw's knowledge of the subject appears to stop at 1906 when he wrote *The Doctor's Dilemma*, as do his arguments and even his story of the experiment he carried out on a cat.

There are many ways of discovering and testing knowledge and in most medical research that of animal experiment is often both the last and the least. It may however be the final test, just as the presentation of Shaw's latest play to the public is the final test of all the preparation and thought he has expended, or as the first dangerous flight of a new plane tests the theories of those who planned and built the machine. Must we always deny ourselves new knowledge because the final test and proof conflicts with one of Mr. Shaw's personal taboos?

Modern medicine is a difficult subject. Those of us who spend our lives in closest contact, as I do, with suffering patients, know what can be done to relieve that suffering and have no wish to add to it in any way. Equally we have no wish to inflict suffering upon animals and those who are permitted by the authorities to carry out " experiments " on animals have but one end in view. We protest vigorously against the picture suggested by Mr. Shaw and others of hordes of sadistic men and women spending their whole time inflicting torture on defenceless animals in the hope of acquiring some scrap of academic knowledge; and we ask them and the public to realise that we are people whose sole desire —imperfect though our knowledge may be—is to alleviate and prevent suffering and death; and that we desire to use all methods, sociological, clinical, technical and experimental, by which that aim can be achieved. D. STARK MURRAY

176 Kew Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

" POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES "

SIR,—" Dog doesn't eat dog " may not be sound natural history but it holds good in Fleet Street, and to fly at my fellow dramatic critic in the sanctuary of our common paper is, I fear, even an aggravated form of cannibalism. Perhaps he has sometimes felt inclined to fly at me, only decency restrained him. If so, it makes my own behaviour worse, but I cannot help it; my hackles rose at last week's short notice of *Marco Millions*.

It is not the severity of his verdict which prompts me to write this letter, though that was partly due, I think, to his approach to the play. He expected a play about Marco Polo and Kubla Khan, " an intrinsically interesting subject "; he was confronted by a series of scenes which provided little dramatic suspense, and (apart from some praiseworthy scenic effects) only, so it seemed to him, some " elementary satire " on the American business man. I think there was more in *Marco Millions* than that. It struck me as born of a sense of the emptiness which yawns not only beneath American go-getting optimism, but the trend of modern civilisation which neglects the fundamental part of happiness flowing from the senses, the imagination, and the possession of peace and freedom of mind. The satire directed against the *virtues* of young Marco (always with one eye askew on the main chance) did not strike me as " elementary." Indeed, I can imagine an Anglo-Saxon audience being bewildered by his loyalty to the job in hand, his fidelity to the girl he left behind him, his courage, being represented as only hollow drums on which an idiot bangs out his senseless triumphs. But it is so, and that is the point of the play; that, and all that centres round the cry of the old King's despair when he knows his granddaughter loves this oaf: " Is Life then too *silly* to be tragic? " I thought myself *Marco Millions* was, dramatically, the weakest play by Eugene O'Neil that I had seen (the end was feeble, too); but since he is the best of living dramatists in full career, that is by no means equivalent to saying, as my colleague did, that it was not worth acting. Yet had he confined himself merely to that statement I should not be writing this letter, but he added: " The production of such tedious and pretentious plays as this

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does great harm to the serious theatre." Now, that hits at more than the play itself; its effect is to discredit the intelligence of a Management which has renounced the possibility of profits with the aim of serving the Theatre.

I know what will presently happen. The Westminster Theatre will pass to other hands, just as M. Saint Denis may also fail to found a stock company of his own training; and then the Intelligent, to whom both my colleague and I belong, will lament the crass unresponsiveness of the public. But it will be our fault. The public is slow, but not so incurious that, if repeatedly told some source of pleasure is worth exploring, a sufficiently nourishing trickle from that vast reservoir may not find its way thither.

I have been a critic for more than thirty years, and those years are strewn with dead, disinterested endeavours towards something better in theatrical management, in magazine-production and in publishing, which, from the start, were shot at, " pour encourager les autres," by those in whom anxiety to show that they are hard to satisfy is stronger than their loyalty to aims they share themselves.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

[If in fact Mr. MacCarthy did succeed in enjoying *Marco Millions* it is a far better play than our critic supposed. On the other hand, if a play is tedious, our critic contends, it does not serve any high aims to pretend that it is interesting; and newcomers to the Westminster Theatre, after seeing *Marco Millions*, might well vow never to go to another production there, supposing that the serious theatre must be dull. In the theatre, as in shops, it is bad policy to let the customer feel that he has wasted his time and money. There is now a constant campaign supported by powerful financial interests as well as by mere natural stupidity, to damn as dull all the masterpieces of literature, painting and music. Thus the word " highbrow " has been invented, and by giving this bad name to Gibbon, Raphael and Mozart it is hoped to hang them. Works that are pretentious as well as tedious assist this campaign, and, in our critic's opinion, the sooner *Marco Millions* is replaced by a good play, the better it will be for the interests of the serious theatre in general, and of the Westminster management in particular.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE GREEK DICTATORSHIP

SIR,—In an interesting review of a recently published work, *Exiles in the Aegean*, attention was directed last week to the fact that very little of the true position of affairs in Greece has appeared in the English papers. Give me leave to amplify this statement by recounting one fact which has been insufficiently stressed. The Greeks have defaulted on their external loans and are applying the money, lent under the sponsorship of the League of Nations for the rehabilitation of their country, for the purpose of increasing their armaments—the very thing which the League exists to prevent, and this with the connivance of the British Government who permit the building of vessels of war in English shipyards. Thus, those who like myself are of opinion that increase in armaments tends to promote war see their money used in bringing war nearer.

It is perhaps not quite accurate to say that the Greeks are in complete default, for they offer 40 per cent. to those bondholders who apply for it. This the Council of Foreign Bondholders advise us not to accept, being apparently of the strange opinion that the refusal of part will induce the perfidious Argives to refund the whole.

This Council, which is euphemistically described as " representative " of the bondholders, dates from the 'sixties when it was constituted on entirely undemocratic lines. The bondholders are summoned to no meetings, have no voice in the administration nor in the choice of the members of the Council; all they see is a statement from time to time in the press that the negotiations with the Greek Government have broken down. Possibly a public meeting of bondholders might be helpful in strengthening the hands of the Prime Minister, who is known to have informed one of his supporters in the House of Commons that he can do no more.

Mr. Hambro, the banker who acts for the Greek Government, thinks the moment opportune for the arrangement of a trade agreement between Great Britain and Greece. Perhaps the financial gentlemen of the Treasury who are so ingenious in devices for raising taxes from the pockets of Britishers might devise a scheme for raising a fund to recoup the bondholders from a special impost on Greeks imposed *ad hoc*. If this proves impossible, a case seems made out for the application of a little more of the *fortiter in re*, since the Bondholders' Council after examination of the Greek revenues which are hypothecated for the service of the loans report that the Greek Government can pay and won't.

London, W.8. AN IMPOVERISHED BONDHOLDER

SPANISH RELIEF

SIR,—I have returned recently from Barcelona, having gone there with the sole intention of hearing and seeing something of the distress of the civil population. I was able to visit many of the centres of relief work, and I talked to several people who are well qualified to speak with authority on the conditions in Barcelona.

The present position of the civil population is appalling and it is likely to deteriorate. The markets sell no milk, no fats, and no sugar, meat is rare, olive oil is almost unobtainable, matches are only occasionally to be bought, and tobacco is very scarce; clothes and materials do not exist, while shoes will soon all be worn out. This list could be continued until it contained nearly all the needs of life, with the exception of bread and a few coarse vegetables.

Further hardships are caused by the fact that the water that formerly drove the Catalan power stations is now in Franco territory, electricity is therefore precious and the current is only switched on for part of the day; this has caused a complete dislocation of the tram services, and forces the undernourished and ill-shod factory hands to walk long distances to their work, and naturally increases the strain of their already over-strenuous existence.

The plight of the children of Barcelona is more heartrending than that of the older people. I was told by an English doctor that the children, particularly those between the ages of two and four, were slowly dying of starvation. She estimated that they would begin to die in large numbers within two months, unless they could be supplied with more food immediately. She also told me that she knew of countless children in advanced stages of rickets, a disease which was almost unknown in Catalonia before the war.

To endeavour to alleviate this distress (which I can only hint at here) both the Spanish and the Catalan Governments have organised magnificent relief services. They have given homes to refugees, who have flocked to Barcelona from other parts of Spain, the majority of whom are sent outside the towns to country camps and farms. In Barcelona and other towns in Catalonia all the children of school age are given a midday meal consisting of beans or lentils, a little meat, bread, jam, and sometimes chocolate, which is the mainstay of their existence. The Government also tries to supply sufficient food to mothers of infants, and in every possible direction they are doing what they can to lessen the effects of war upon the civil population.

In the relief work the Government is assisted by foreign charity, which in the case of the funds coming from England is chiefly administered by the Quakers, who have concentrated on distributing a morning ration of milk to the children who are not old enough to go to the school-children's lunches, and are too old to be considered infants. The work that is being done with money raised in England is efficient and is being directed into the channels where it is most needed, but in spite of the gallant efforts of those who are working it is not enough. In Barcelona there is not sufficient food, there are no clothes, and there are none of the amenities, such as soap, that we consider to be necessities.

Money is needed, primarily to buy milk for the children of Barcelona and the rest of Spain, and then, more is needed for all their other wants. I feel that we, as English and as the originators of the Non-Intervention Pact, can scarcely watch the suffering and death of thousands of children in Spain without doing all that we can to relieve this horrible situation, for which we must take much of the blame.

ANTRIM

We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums received for Spanish Relief: Anon., John Hamer, D.N. (£5); A. A. Foss (£3); Anon. (£2 10s.); E. P. and M. Pollitzer (£2 2s.); A. A., C. G. Brook, A.S., D.S., E. A. Wills (£2); M. H. Bailey, Jean Hay (£1 10s.); Gordon Manley, Ida Samuel (£1 1s.); D. Boyd, A.T.G., J. and H. J.-S. (£1); " 5 Eleans " (15s.) M.E.B. and F.L.B. (14s.); W. Tidswell (11s. 6d.); J.B., S.G., Dr. M., I.S. (10s. 6d.); M.A., Agnes Rona Barr, Dr. H., C.H.H., Dr. A.L., Dr. L.L., F. G. G. A. Marraine, B. I. Payne, M. J. Posener, D. Sh., R.P.T., " A New Gift Reader " (10s.); J. B. Sidgwick (7s. 6d.); D. H. Brearley, Two " Guild of Insurance Officials " Members (6s.); Anon., I.C., M. Carter, M.H., R.H., E.L., S. E. Lerearley, M.S., (5s.); Anon. (3s. 6d.); M. Compton, S.E.J. (3s.); Anon., M.H., S.J. (2s. 6d.); W.C. (2s.).

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

> The author is learned in deep-sea fish, a little of a poet, a skilled hand at prose. He has used his beloved fish as a vehicle to convey to us his comments on the world and nature and human kind; but with so much skill that the fish always keep the forefront of the view, and tinge the whole story with a vivid strangeness. These hardly known inhabitants of deep water have hitherto been the preserve of scientists, and their marvels have been guessed at rather than described. . . . There is no moralising, no rhetoric, no verbiage: just a sinewy tale. . . .

THE blurb from which the above is a quotation was written by Private Shaw for another book, by a different author, and is a sly parody of the advertisements on book wrappers. But the writer of it forestalled what I should have liked to be able to say about the latest book by Doctor William Beebe, who is Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, and will be remembered for the account of his deep diving, in a steel bathysphere. The new volume, *Zaca Venture* (Lane, 12*s*. 6*d*.), is likewise fish-tinged with a vivid strangeness, but it is less full of thrills than his earlier book, *Half a Mile Down*, though there are still rather too many. And I must also admit that there is some moralising; rhetoric and verbiage galore, and all sorts of luminosities studding this sinewy tale as though it belonged to *Porichthys* itself—the fish which can hum and shines with so many electric buttons that it is called the midshipman. But if one happens to be interested in marine zoology, what do these literary graces matter? One can skip the phrases which Dr. Beebe has put in for the sake of people who don't really care about the fauna of the ocean. Sometimes they are almost identical with the words used by a headmistress showing people over her school.

> We drew a small dredge, on April 13th, for a few minutes in thirty fathoms. This haul was known officially as Inez Station Number 143. . . . The contents were typical of many dredges pulled hereabouts and afforded a reasonably accurate cross-section of the population of Inez, small folk living out their lives one hundred and eighty feet down.

* * *

If one has ever cared for sea-cucumbers seriously, as I did in far forgotten days, it seems an affectation to call them "small folk." But no matter. The *Zaca* is a schooner with an engine, which was lent by her owner for the purposes of a research expedition for two months in the Gulf of California and adjacent waters. Except for a couple of severe gales, the whole cruise must have been fascinating. Dr. Beebe had picked an area in which the fauna is extremely rich and sharply divided by variations in temperature, etc., and every form of marine life, from the diatom to the giant kelp seaweed, and the microscopic plankton to the whale-shark. Dr. Beebe is interested in everything that turns up: he gives as vivid an account of the working of a tuna canning factory, or of a Mexican town, as he does of courtship and pairing in the albatross, or the parasitic fish which lives inside a sea-cucumber. This perfectly genuine interest in everything and readiness to try everything is very attractive. For example, swordfish appeared and Dr. Beebe got as wildly excited as though he were a big game fisherman and nothing else. He went out in the launch with rod and harness, hooked a two hundred pound marlin, fought it for thirty-five minutes, and soon after it had been hauled aboard, was examining its stomach and searching it for the parasites with which it luckily abounded. A shark, caught in the same manner, after a thrilling fight, proved to be new to him and yielded four embryos ready to be born.

> In a tub of water they snapped at each other and swam for an hour swiftly around the circumference. The patterning has not been described and was unlike any species of shark I knew—a long line of white extending forward from the tail, projecting into the dusky bronze of the back and upper sides.

Dr. Beebe incidentally describes remarkable instances of fish which suddenly develop brilliant, clearly defined, but evanescent patterns at death. A photograph of such patterns in the California Bonito is given. It seems certain that these patterns must be assumed at certain seasons during life.

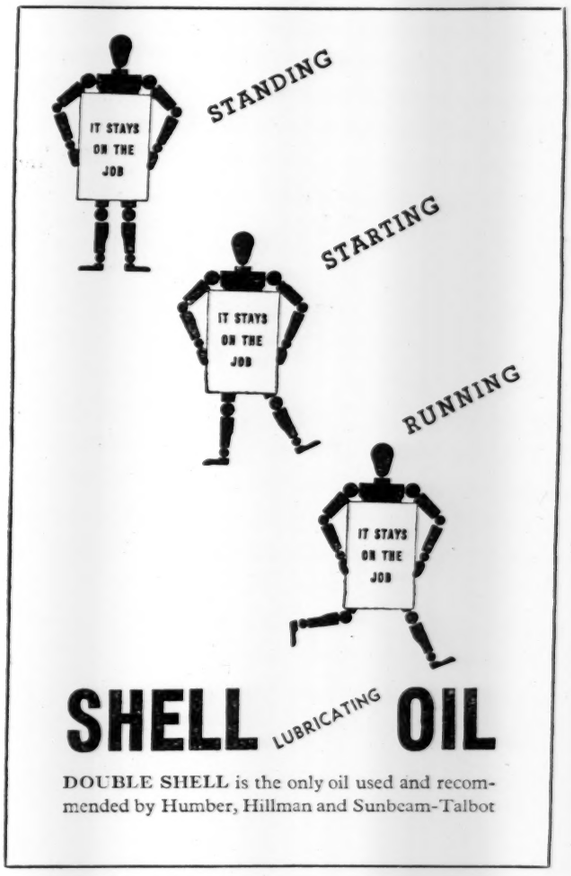
* * *

Besides fishing with rod, seine and trawl, which are blind operations, a lot was done by actually watching the fish, either through water glasses, in fairly shallow water, or by helmet diving. The descriptions of both are really good.

> Beneath my feet and behind, the sand sloped so steeply that I dared not let go of the ladder or I should have slithered down what to my eyes were unfathomable depths. This abyss was so dark that when a fish appeared, it materialised in mid-water. A trio of groupers drifted slowly toward me, first visible as disembodied gaping mouths, set forever in a half-grin like submarine Cheshire cats. . . . Before me, covering a considerable expanse of sand within view, was a garden of eels. From the pale surface, in every direction, there arose perhaps fifty forms. . . . As I crawled towards them, those nearest me, without effort, and so slowly that the motion was scarcely observable, sank gently into the sand, until only the heads were visible. When even the latter disappeared the sand closed over the small holes and the eels were as though they had never been.

Dr. Beebe is so inured to diving that he does not seem to have considered that a great many of the fish were quite capable of biting a large piece off him. The voracity of some fish is proverbial: the best instance given here is of a shark which was found to have a large turtle in its stomach which it had swallowed whole. Equally remarkable is the discrimination which leads some fish to neglect food near at hand in order to feed on a particular species. After leaving the Gulf of California the *Zaca* proceeded to Clarion, an island of the Revillagigedo Archipelago, the fauna of which Dr. Beebe wished to compare with that of Bermuda. There are a large number of species peculiar to the island: for example, a dove, a lizard, a wren.

> All of them recalled nearly related species which we had seen in Mexico and Lower California, but their separateness seemed to me far more trenchant than any variation in colour or size. It made real the centuries upon centuries of isolation, the months and years marked on Clarion not by any human calendars but by the indistinct


IT STAYS ON THE JOB
STANDING
IT STAYS ON THE JOB
STARTING
IT STAYS ON THE JOB
RUNNING
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seasons, the regular and thousand times repeated time of breeding and nesting of every creature, and the unseen, unrecorded aeons of storms and sunshine, days and nights.

* * *

That is a typical passage—a typical reflection of Dr. Beebe's. At first sight it impresses. But what exactly does it mean? Naturally Clarion has been an island before there were human calendars, which are based on the not so indistinct seasons. The rhetoric is to make the reader stop and think—but think what? That the existence of island forms proves ages of isolation? That seems natural enough: the odd thing is that it doesn't always. Islands like the Shetlands, which are stopping places for the main streams of migrants, sometimes have their own island forms. Starlings stream to and fro from the Shetlands, yet there is a special Shetland variety of the bird! There are Shetland, Hebridean, and St. Kildan varieties of the British wren, all on islands close to the mainland. In general Dr. Beebe never offers anything but a teleological explanation of the bewildering variety which he describes: i.e., that every organ is adapted to a special use. *Zaca Venture* is in very many ways a delightful book and it is obviously written by a most delightful man. But I cannot help feeling that it would have gained enormously if instead of a great deal of superficial descriptions, Dr. Beebe had outlined the great problems of geographical distribution which he was studying, and the relationships of the chief groups of animal life, and their characters. It is rather as though a physicist were to devote so much space to the description of the colours of the sunset, that he had to leave out any mention of the rotation of the earth and nature of the atmosphere. The most exciting feature of Clarion were the amorous turtles, scrapping and pairing in the sea and then crawling up at low tide to dig pits in which to lay their eggs. Dr. Beebe describes exactly how these pits are dug in the loosely falling sand. The photograph of the Samoan, Frank, holding a turtle which he had caught with his bare hands while it was asleep in the sea, is worth more than a lot of Latin names. DAVID GARNETT

SIGNS OF "THE TIMES"

Peace in Sight. By R. B. MOWAT. *Arrowsmith.* 3s. 6d.
Czech Conspiracy. By GEORGE PITT-RIVERS. *Boswell.* 3s.
Very Foreign Affairs. By JOHN SCANLON. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.

I sometimes wonder whether reviewers are not mistaken in confining their attention for the most part to "good" books. If Hitler had been an Englishman would the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION have noticed *Mein Kampf* when it was first published? I fear that its style and length would have been deterrent. "Not worth reading," we should have said, and devoted two columns to a serious study of the State by Bernard Bosanquet.

Let me say at once that the books on my list are only worth reading if you are interested in politics. They are not good books or even important books, but they *are*, like *Mein Kampf*, books which get read because they start on the level of ordinary people, and stay there. Since public opinion is not formed by historians and leader writers but by headlines, pictures and broadcasting, it is unlikely that they will be even influential; most probably they will only serve to confirm views already formed. None the less they are of great political interest because they appeal to three sorts of English people who support Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy. By reading them, we can learn a good deal about public opinion.

If it is the mark of statesmanship to persuade persons of conflicting interests and ideologies to forget their differences, then my three Munichеers' praise for Mr. Chamberlain proves him a very great statesman. For Mr. Mowat is a worthy historian with a wistful memory of the decencies of the pre-war diplomacy and a lingering regard for Mr. Eden; Mr. Pitt-Rivers, apart from his anthropological activities, leads the anti-Bolshevik crusade, while Mr. Scanlon is a red-hot member of the Maxtonite sub-division of the I.L.P. No mean achievement for a Premier to have created a literary bodyguard out of such diverse elements.

Mr. Mowat writes for the readers of the *Times*. The dust cover of his judicious survey of contemporary history is decorated with a portrait of our Neville and describes his book as "a calm and unbiased survey in retrospect and an antidote to mental confusion." *Peace in Sight* is indeed as unbiased as a *Times* leader, and unpolitical in the sense that all Conservative politics are unpolitical. Its facts are correct, and those facts which it omits are of course propaganda which fouls our nest. With academic caution Mr. Mowat notes that "no *evidence* has been published" (my italics) "proving that the German Government sent troops or munitions to Spain," and that "the Mediterranean piracy episode was one of the most *mysterious* things in modern history" (my italics). He observes that Hitler's speech on the day of Eden's resignation "had nothing sensational about it" and was "reassuring," but discreetly omits from his summary of it any mention of Hitler's attacks on Mr. Eden.

I commend Mr. Mowat to the attention of Mr. Geoffrey Dawson. He can make propaganda look objective and, like Sir John Simon, he never forgets the kiss before the betrayal. "Although," he writes, "since it has fallen on evil days, criticism and even abuse has been showered on the League, history will recognise that it was the finest and sanest effort of mankind at making a better world." This is high praise from an advocate of the Hoare-Laval plan who condemns outright the sanctions clauses of the Covenant, and praises Munich as the fulfilment of Mr. Eden's policy. But any *Times* reader knows that it is easier to win an election when you have squared the L.N.U.

There is something sublime about the complacency of *Peace in Sight*. Everything, says Mr. Mowat, will be all right now British policy has reverted to its traditional lines, despite the spiteful habit which Mr. Churchill has of asking awkward questions and the party propaganda of Labour politicians. These materialists do not appreciate the *imponderabilia* of foreign policy; whereas Mr. Chamberlain, who is not a politician but an unbiased statesman, will no doubt bear in mind, when he goes to Rome, Mr. Mowat's noble dictum: "The most hopeful thing in Anglo-Italian relations is still the tradition of friendship. . . . It is woven into the texture of the XIX century and enshrined in the poems of Browning and the novels of Meredith. These facts are of permanent significance." So while Mr. Chamberlain reads Vittoria to Mussolini, the French can feel quite safe about Jibuti! You can't beat the *Times*—or Mr. Mowat.

The Czech Conspiracy is far tougher stuff. Mr. Pitt-Rivers is so violently pro-Hitler that he regards the *Times* as "an incredible organ of national misrepresentation." But this fury is partly due to the fact that it refused a letter from his friends of the Anglo-German fellowship, eulogising the Munich agreement. Perhaps the editor thought that it was not in Mr. Chamberlain's interest to publish this list of his Anglo-Nazi supporters, which certainly makes excellent reading. Indeed, throughout his book Mr. Pitt-Rivers is always letting cats out of bags in a most indiscreet way. He understands the results of Munich better than Mr. Mowat's readers will ever do, and his own proposal has a drastic simplicity which is really charming. "Let the Czechs be given an area of their own or return to Bolshevik Russia. . . . Are the Slovaks alone to be left to endure the agony of Czech misgovernment?" So much for Central Europe! But with regard to British policy too, he is most awkwardly outspoken. "Fight we will, if fight we must, not against Germany for daring and being strong enough to look after her own sons, but *against the enemy in our midst*." You are quite right, Mr. Pitt-Rivers, but you are not supposed to say that just yet! Officially the National Government is still democratic.

And what of Mr. Maxton's supporter? *Very Foreign Affairs* equals *The Czech Conspiracy* in its disregard of academic discretion—and of facts. Mr. Scanlon is very very angry with the Labour Party for much the same reasons as Messrs. Mowat and Pitt-Rivers. It is led by a gang of toffs who are decoying the working-classes into war, whereas Mr. Chamberlain "risked torture and worse than death" in Berchtesgaden and "every mother's heart in Britain rejoiced." Mr. Scanlon feels, I think, that since the Labour Party *has* been betrayed by working-class leaders and *is* being betrayed by public school leaders, it should have no leaders at all and be thankful to Mr. Chamberlain and Adolf Hitler for being prepared to run the show. He has, in fact, become so class-conscious that he is contented to leave the ruling to the ruling class so long as it permits him to have another whack at the Labour Party. Which is very convenient for Mr. Chamberlain.

Well, these are my three doughty Munichеers. Add to them a spokesman of the P.P.U. and you will have a fair sample of that section of public opinion which thanks God for Mr. Chamberlain. Is it not a strange fact that the forces of reason, courage and moral principle are unable to defeat this motley army?

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE PLEASURE OF THE EYE

100 Details from Pictures in the National Gallery. With an Introduction and Notes by KENNETH CLARK. *National Gallery*. 6s.

That pictures are enormously more difficult to write about than books will be admitted by everyone that has attempted both these forms of criticism. The reason, of course, is that the literary critic is using the same material—words—as his subject, whereas the critic of visual art can describe the drawing or texture of a picture only by using inaccurate analogies. The lantern-slide goes far to overcome this difficulty, as anyone will agree who heard the lectures of Roger Fry. And here is a book by the Director of the National Gallery that uses a similar method—a hundred large plates and twenty-three pages of commentary. The result is a singularly valuable book of art-criticism, learned and exciting, trenchant and urbane.

Sir Kenneth Clark has chosen, with superlative taste and intelligence, a hundred details from pictures in the National Gallery, and so arranged them that wherever you open the book, a contrast or a parallel is exhibited. The hands of the Duchess of Milan appear opposite those of Helena Fourment to illustrate the difference between the Renaissance and Baroque principles of composition—"Behind Holbein's conception is an enclosed geometrical form like a pyramid. Rubens is thinking of a landscape with undulating hills and waterfalls." Jan Arnolfini appears opposite St. Nicholas from the Ansidei Madonna to illustrate "the contrast between the Gothic naturalism of Flemish painting and the scientific humanism of Italian." "In the van Eyck the forms are thin and asymmetrical. . . . In the Raphael they are large and geometrical. They obey the laws which man's intelligence has imposed on durable materials, in architecture or machinery. The Arnolfini is like a flower, developing its tissue according to the laws of natural growth." A detail from Sassetta's *Life of St. Francis* appears opposite one from Piero della Francesca's *Baptism*, and we are told that the two pictures were painted in the same year for the same small town—a century might have divided the naive elegance of the one from the other's scientific gravity. A boy's head by Rossi pales beside a girl's head by Gainsborough, and a woman's head by Gainsborough dwindles opposite a similar subject by Renoir. Philip IV's head confronts Charles I's, and we see the difference between the detached vision of the artist, and the subtle flattery of the fashionable portrait painter. Almost every "opening" in the book contains some such instructive contrast; and incidentally an argument about attribution is sometimes thus fortified, as in the head of the Michelangelesque Madonna, which so overwhelms the Verrocchio on the opposite page as to confirm one's belief that it was painted by Michelangelo himself.

This anthology is humiliating as well as informative: I consider myself an addict of the National Gallery, but there are a number of details here that I could not recognise, including a little boy (68), a lion and a boar (65) a Poussinesque group not by Poussin (29) and a landscape (40) which suggests a *Fauve* or perhaps Soutine. (I discovered that this came from a favourite picture only when it reappeared on a smaller scale later in the book.) Such failures in recognition, as Sir Kenneth says, mean that we do not look at pictures carefully. "There was much to be said for the old naive method by which people read a picture like a book. We, in our anxiety to avoid a literary approach, are often content with a quick synthetic impression." Sir Kenneth mixes his acute aesthetic and historical comparisons with fragments of curious information. One figure, we learn, is a malicious caricature of Titian, another a portrait of Bronzino as a boy. There are fascinating speculations about a group of buildings that appears in the National Gallery Titian Madonna, and again in the Borghese *Sacred and Profane Love* and the Giorgione *Venus* at Dresden. Teniers's one-time popularity with English country gentlemen is attributed to "that half-conscious understanding of countryside beauty which one finds, so differently expressed, in the letters of Cowper, Cobbett and Edward Fitzgerald." On Botticelli and Lorenzo Monaco a comment is—"How did this lyrical style come to such perfection in Florence, with its harsh forum life, practical jokes and Cobdenite morality?" (Lorenzo Monaco is much more like a Sienese than a Florentine, and I have a fancy that his work has more of the virtue of the best Chinese paintings than any Chinese paintings that we have seen.) In his comment upon the amazing head of Madame Moitessier, Sir Kenneth remarks:

> By 1856 Ingres had been acclaimed for forty years as the greatest draughtsman in Europe; none of his contemporaries had been so foolish as to say that his hands were "out of drawing," and we must, I fear, conclude that a sense of plastic coherency is less common now than it was in that derided epoch of taste, the mid-nineteenth century.

Sir Kenneth is right to allow himself a fling at the more insensitive modern critics. But in fact Ingres, as he very well knows, was extravagantly abused for his distortions, and if such abuse had ceased by 1856, this was because at the age of 76 he had become a public institution. If Picasso (and criticism) can survive for another twenty years, I expect that he in turn will justly be acclaimed as the greatest of living draughtsmen.

I can find only two other complaints to make: an index, with the painters alphabetically arranged, and perhaps their dates, would be useful; and the book leaves one's appetite stimulated rather than assuaged. Will not Sir Kenneth quickly give us another volume? The photography and reproduction could not be better, and the price of the book is quite bewilderingly small. The author's *expertise* has already won him a high reputation, and this anthology shows his great flair for making his own enjoyment of pictures infectious. From it one can learn a richer understanding not only of the Old Masters but of their successors to-day.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By E. K. CHAMBERS. *Oxford* 18s.

The Life of S. T. Coleridge: The Early Years. By LAWRENCE HANSON. *Allen and Unwin*. 21s.

It is odd that these two books should now be published within ten days of each other. For over forty years James Dykes Campbell's short *Narrative* has been the best available life of Coleridge. E. H. Coleridge's full biography, for which he had collected so much material, was never written: as editor he had done what nobody else could then have done; perhaps he understood the intricacies of the huge mass of documents and of his grandfather's mind too well to dare the book before he died. An adequate biography of Coleridge needs tremendous abilities and about twenty years.

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In one of his notebooks he points to his own biographer's chief problem. "Of all men I ever knew, Wordsworth himself not excepted, I have the faintest pleasure in things contingent and transitory. . . . I am not certain whether I should have seen with any emotion the mulberry-tree of Shakspere." But sometimes, he goes on, thoughts that places or objects were associated with great men would come on him "like a storm, and fill the place with something more than nature. But these are not contingent and transitory. . . . A Shakspere, a Milton, a Bruno, exist in the mind as pure *action*, defecated of all that is material and passive." And as a young man he scribbled: "The whale is followed by waves. I would glide down the rivulet of quiet life, a trout." There never was a more hopeless wish: he was already thrashing the sea when he made it. His life was full of events—meetings, quarrels, partings, journeys, debts—mostly documented several times over (though some mysteries were left for research): hundreds of things and places have Coleridge "associations." But through all this, for 62 years, moved the man as pure *action*, the Coleridge who sat in all the squalls of a poky servantless cottage calmly reading Spinoza. The biographer must relate the events to the mind so that they do not appear contingent and transitory, give the quality of the man as action.

Sir Edmund has not attempted it, and he wisely calls his dry, congested narrative a "biographical study." "Some intrepid scholar," he says, "will, no doubt, one day take up the task" of writing a full life; and pat comes Mr. Hanson. But Sir Edmund is the better scholar: his range of material is wider, his ordering of it clearer, and on many points in the early years (e.g. the quarrel with Southey in 1794 which led to the abandonment of pantisocracy; and the dating of *Kubla Khan*) I think his conclusions more likely to be right. But his connected reference-book is for ordinary purposes unreadable, and for pleasure everyone will turn to Mr. Hanson. His book is very attractive, particularly in the pictures faced by excellent quotations about their subjects. It covers the first 28 years in 400 pages, and relies very largely on quotations: letters often run to two or three pages on end; there are 7 and again 5½ pages of continuous Hazlitt. Though Mr. Hanson himself often writes very well, the book lives by its documents. For there is otherwise no unifying vigour in it, no conception of Coleridge that fills it with "something more than nature." Mind and events fall apart into separate chapters. Mr. Potter has shown how even more desperate dichotomy can help towards understanding Coleridge; but a biographer must try to put him together again. The great danger is focussing too much on his failures—in terms of the documents, relying too much on the letters, which are so often full of tortuous struggling, at the expense of the notebooks (*Anima Poetae* is only the "cream"), which record far better the life of his mind. It is easy to minimise the extent to which his life was a reading life (or "absorbing" would perhaps be a better word), and its chief events books. He once went to Durham to read, he said, Duns Scotus in the Cathedral Library. Sir Edmund hints that the real reason for going was to be near Sara Hutchinson. Even if that is true it is as important that it was Duns Scotus and not somebody else who was used as a blind, as that it was Sara Hutchinson and not another woman. This is typical of a kind of situation that is continually cropping up. Above all, his biographer must not repeat the mistake of his friends and look on his metaphysics as just another form of dope.

In the letters and comments of all his friends (Mr. Hanson gives an excellent portrait of Poole) the tone of regret and remonstrance is likely to occur at any time after 1800. Even Poole is sometimes impatient, and Dorothy Wordsworth's letters at the time of the quarrel over Montagu are painful to read. It is impossible to blame his friends, but it is easy in approaching Coleridge through what they say to blame him in the wrong tone of voice. Both these books give the impression of a man hunted by the people who wish him well. In their whole effect they perpetuate the pitying attitude that made Lamb so indignant; it is forced on them by documents which only a very bold writer would systematically treat as secondary. But in Coleridge's life personal relationships were secondary, and their great importance only shows the greater importance of other things. His friends judged him too much in terms of achievements—we must remember that Wordsworth professed to have published the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads* merely for money—and after a time began to dishearten him by anticipating failures: everybody tried to dissuade him from *The Friend*. Whatever he projected somebody was sure to remind him that *Christabel* was unfinished.

He needed no reminding: he knew his own mind, and the extreme illness of his own body, too, well enough: he knew all the differences of mood between free poetic creation and "game of far other kind." But he did need somebody who could take his philosophy seriously, whether it was to come out in verses or in the great work: and he needs for his final biographer somebody who is prepared to take the risk of starting at the philosophical end. For even within what is narrowly called literature it is that side of him that matters, and when it comes to assessing achievements his most important work, in the *Biographia* and in the notes now at last dug out of the pocket-books, is that he habitually thought of literature not departmentalised as a source of pleasure or instruction or as a technical trick of rhetoric, but as one of the best activities of a whole mind. In his own life it was.

HUMPHRY HOUSE

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The Ptolemies of Egypt. By P. G. ELGOOD. *Arrowsmith.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Mad Queen of Spain. By MICHAEL PRAWDIN. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The House of Guise. By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK. *Drummond.* 15*s.*

In times of crisis, our natural reading is history. One derives the same pleasure from studying these monographs as a modern insolvent from the biographies of great debtors or a hypochondriac from an investigation of ancient medicine. Each author has chosen an absorbing subject. Lieutenant-Colonel Elgood covers the remotest and the largest field, for he chronicles the rise and decadence of the House of Ptolemy, beginning with the death of the all-conquering Macedonian, when Ptolemy Soter snatched Egypt in the death-bed squabble, and concluding with the suicide of Cleopatra. His style, if one excepts a number of rhetorical passages which occur rather unfortunately in the last section, is readable but not unduly picturesque, and popular without becoming diffuse or chatty. He is fascinated by his story and it sweeps him along—through incestuous alliances and political love affairs, campaigns, feuds, pestilences and dynastic murders, till Roman

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JANUARY CONTENTS

C. Delisle Burns

IS IT PEACE?

In this article, which every *New Statesman* reader should study, Dr. Burns urges the Democracies to "take the initiative and no longer wait upon the abusive rhetoric and reckless claims of Dictators. The British Government," he says, "should aim at securing from the Governments of France, the United States and the other Democracies an agreement as to common action between them, to prevent future 'intervention' or the incitement to civil war. And the common policy to make this agreement effective should be stated plainly and publicly in Notes to the three military Dictatorships . . . . The diplomacy of peace should forestall the threat of war."

W. B. Yeats

MORE POEMS

written last autumn

D. S. MacColl

MEMORIES OF THE 'NINETIES

Dr. MacColl, the distinguished artist and art critic, gives interesting reminiscences of his friends Charles Conder, Whistler, Aubrey Beardsley, and many other members of the "Yellow Book" set, who met in Normandy in 1893 and 1894.

Janet Adam Smith

SCOTTISH PAINTING AND SCOTTISH CHARACTER

Visitors to the Scottish Exhibition at Burlington House would do well to read this article, also Mr. Paul Oppé's critique in the same issue.

Short Stories by

LIAM O'FLAHERTY
RICHARD OKE
LIONEL DAVIDSON

The last-named is an author still in his 'teens, who here makes his debut in fiction.

PORTRAITS of Charles Conder by D. S. MacColl and of Dr. Delisle Burns by Mervyn Peake, also other illustrations in photogravure and line.

REVIEWS by: R. A. Scott-James, V. S. Pritchett, Olaf Stapleton, Arnold Palmer, Edmund Blunden, Stephen Spender, Evelyn Underhill, Michael Roberts, Richard Church, B. H. Newdigate, Charles Williams, Paul Oppé, H. I'A. Fausset, and others.

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imperialism quietly swallows another province. Meanwhile, remarkable personages have appeared and disappeared. We have witnessed the dazzling growth of Alexandria. We have seen the odd unpropitious marriage of Hellenic and Egyptian civilisation, the brute deities of the Nile rubbing shoulders with the snowy gods of Olympus, in a wild confusion of attributes and names and cults ; and we have glimpsed the complex sterile ramifications of Alexandrian scholarship. The vast city itself makes a splendid background. Lieutenant-Colonel Elgood is at his best when he writes of Museion and Library, with their populace of hypersensitive, ill-natured scholars, or of the Serapeum, founded by Ptolemy Soter, where the imposing central group of shrines and chapels, linked together by granite colonnades, became the focus of a sort of gigantic sacred fun-fair, hundreds of charlatans telling fortunes and interpreting dreams, among a host of priests, prostitutes and minor business-men. Alexandria was a mongrel city, neither East nor West : but it produced Callimachus and the masterpieces of bucolic poetry.

By comparison, the world of the late Middle Ages and early Renaissance seems still half savage : but the same passions that haunted Alexandria—blind self-interest, fierce greed and thoughtless opportunism—stalk through the streets of Toledo and Paris, and reap the same harvest of warfare, distraction and misery. It is part of M. Michael Prawdin's thesis that Joan of Aragon, "Joan the Mad," daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, mother of two successive Habsburg emperors, was not nearly so crazy as she has been made out. Unfortunately, he fails to establish his case. At her sanest, Joan seems to have been a particularly tiresome and, from time to time, an unusually violent type of neurasthenic : at her wildest, definitely demented. Thus, her husband, whom she bothered and badgered during his lifetime and idolised to the point of necrophily after his death, her father and, at a later stage, her children, all found it easy to advance their own dynastic ambitions by keeping her shut away from the world in fortified palaces where she was treated with a curious mixture of respect and brutality, and where her neurasthenia gradually grew more pronounced, wavering between ferocious excitement and sullen seclusion. M. Prawdin's book is a fascinating study of a manic-depressive, born in circumstances that developed her malady to the greatest advantage.

Finally, the sumptuous, unscrupulous Guises. Here again, an uncommonly well-written book incorporates a particularly untenable theory—in this instance, the suggestion that the House of Guise acted as chivalrous defenders of the Catholic faith and that its representatives were as disinterested as they were courageous and elegant. Mr. Sedgwick's point of view is strongly sectarian. But few readers are likely to quarrel with his religious partizanship since his gift of story-telling is displayed with continuous artistry, and his book is constantly exciting from cover to cover. The narrative culminates in the assassination of the greatest bearer of the title one dark rainy morning at the Château of Blois. Henri III, timorous and homosexual, devoted to male favourites and woolly lap-dogs (of which he owned, in the end, more than a thousand) had laid careful plans for giving the Duc de Guise his quietus. Mr. Sedgwick includes a vivid account of the events that followed. The Duke had been waiting in an outer room. Summoned to the King's presence, he rose, put some dried fruit into his comfit-box and, holding box and handkerchief in his left hand, carrying his plumed hat in his right, he bade the assembled company good-bye and entered the chamber :

> The eight Forty-fivers were there, with their daggers under their cloaks, some sitting, one leaning on the mantelpiece. On the Duke's entrance all stood up, touched their caps and bowed ; and as he turned leftwards to go towards the old cabinet, they followed. . . . At the door . . . the Duke lifted the tapestry with his left hand . . . and entered the little passage that led through a very thick wall . . . into the old cabinet, and then saw others of the Forty-five waiting for him. He understood then that there was an ambuscade, turned back and looked at those following. . . . For a moment, they hesitated, then threw themselves upon him. Some seized his arms, others his legs, others struck with their daggers. . . . The Duke made a terrible effort ; he shouted, "Ho, friends !" and shaking his arms free flung four to the ground, hitting one in the face with his comfit-box. He tried to draw his sword, but could not. . . . And though his sword was caught in his cloak and his legs held, he dragged them to and fro, and when he caught one with *ses mains fortes et généreuses* he dashed him against the wall. But he wore no corselet, and the daggers did their work. . . With arms wide out . . . the Duke advanced towards Laugnac, who pointed his sword towards him, and, just touching him with the blade sheathed, pitched him to the foot of the King's bed, where he stained the wall with his blood and sank, murmuring, "Have mercy, O God !" . . . The King

appeared from the new cabinet, a drawn sword in his hand, and exclaimed : " My God ; how big he is ! He seems to be even bigger dead than alive." Some say he kicked the body, and bade Beaulieu, one of the Secretaries of State, to see what he had on his person.

Dramatic as is its effect at the present day, the impression made by the story of the great Duke's death was even more tremendous in Elizabethan London, where Marlowe incorporated it in *The Massacre of Paris*, giving that somewhat slipshod melodrama its few memorable and moving lines :

> Trouble me not ; I ne'er offended him.
> Nor will I ask forgiveness of the King.
> O, that I have not power to stay my life,
> Nor immortality to be reveng'd !
> To die by peasants, what a grief is this ! . . .
> Philip and Parma, I am slain for you ! . . .
> Thus Caesar did go forth, and thus he died.

Guise was of the stuff of which dictators are made : but he had a personal nobility in which modern dictators are sadly lacking.

PETER QUENNELL

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

History of the Film. By MAURICE BARDÈCHE and ROBERT BRASILLACH. Translated and edited by IRIS BARRY. *Allen and Unwin*. 18*s*.

How does the film historian set about his task ? Where can he find the material on which to base a reasoned judgment of the past ? A wistful essay on early Chaplin or the Valentino cycle, a few paragraphs on Eisenstein or Griffith or Pabst : that is easy enough, and we all have our pet memory of some silent film of the twenties which seemed at the time a revelation of plastic beauty and atmosphere. Mine is *The Fall of the House of Usher*, which Messieurs Bardèche and Brasillach dismiss (quite rightly, I dare say) as " a weak and dull picture " with a few good points. But what astonishes me is their air of conviction ; writing before the foundation (in 1936) of the Cinémathèque Française in Paris, they have produced a book of nearly four hundred pages, discussing (or at least mentioning) over a thousand pictures. Even if they actually saw every film analysed in the text, one must credit them either with prodigious memories or with the possession of detailed written records of all they saw. It is really staggering to read their minute analyses of Fatty Arbuckle comedies or of the farcical inventions of that clever predecessor of Chaplin, Max Linder. Of Chaplin himself they write with an enthusiasm and fine perception which make the reader long to see again the films they single out for particular praise : *Pay Day*, *Shoulder Arms*, *Vagabond*, *A Dog's Life*, *The Tramp*. But we may never have a chance to check their memories and our own, for few films are rarer than these middle Chaplins : the isolated copies that survive are jealously, sometimes selfishly, guarded, and, incredible though it seems, it is impossible to-day for an exhibitor to obtain even *The Gold Rush* or *The Kid*. Chaplin still remains the one great universal genius thrown up by the movies, and this is how the world treats his work.

So sound and inspiring are the authors on Chaplin that one inclines to take their word for everything. Fortunately their book has been not only excellently translated but discreetly annotated by Miss Iris Barry ; she has corrected many errors due to their inevitably imperfect acquaintance with American films, and sometimes she has allowed herself to express a sharp divergence of opinion. Thus, when the authors find a resemblance between Griffith's *Intolerance* and Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, she acidly comments : " *Intolerance* proves on re-examination to be wholly unlike *Metropolis* in every respect." But then that is the trouble with all these books about the cinema's past : however charming, acute and evocative they may be, one simply cannot trust them. Perhaps only two sorts of movie chronicle are possible, the strictly factual and objective and the purely personal and subjective. To the problem of composing a readable and considered aesthetic history of the film I see no solution : there is such a formidable absence of material. Imagine undertaking a book on nineteenth-century music without access to scores ; or a study of Shaw's theatre on the strength of one's recollection of the first production of each play. Nor is it any use relying on the contemporary verdicts of even the most intelligent critics : here, for example, is Jean Cocteau on an episode in *Carmen of the Klondyke* (1919) :

> The plot is nothing extraordinary, but this film contains a little masterpiece : the fight between the two men in the night under a

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torrential downpour of rain by the light of arc lamps. . . . Are they kingfishers or seals or men from the moon, or Jacob with the angel? Is it not some Buddha, this great naked figure which falls to its knees and dies there like a thousand little fishes in a lake of mercury? . . . A spectacle such as this seems in recollection to equal the world's greatest literature.

"Seems in recollection"; M. Cocteau was wise enough to cover himself, but MM. Bardèche and Brasillach know not seems.

With this important reservation, their book is admirably done. Naturally strongest on the French cinema, it is throughout sensitive, intelligent and well-written. Particularly valuable is the account of that ingenious pioneer Georges Méliès, whose fantastic *Trip to the Moon* was included in Cochran's recent *Flashbacks* programme. (He also anticipated the latest methods of the *March of Time* newsreels by filming the Coronation of King Edward VII in his own greenhouse.) The authors write excellently of the Classic Era of the Silent Film, which they put at 1923–1929. Like most of us at times, they mourn the passing of the rhythmic beauty and subtle, allusive narrative style shown in the best films of that period. "We who witnessed the birth of an art," they say, "may possibly also have seen it die."

> There were quite ordinary films in which the extinguishing of a lamp at some window, a figure emerging from the mist pale and formless as a drowned body, the bend of a river revealing a road between two rows of trees, furnished us with that unique sensation of shock which a glimpse of an unknown world provides.

But any of these images might quite well be found in a talkie. The authors hardly realise that their somewhat exaggerated praise of 1923–1929 is in part contradicted by a later, and profoundly true, pronouncement of their own:

> It became all too apparent that the spoken word is a formidable medium, and that it revealed in all its frightfulness the mediocrity which silence had hitherto disguised.

PETER GALWAY

A MARXIST ON FREUD

Sigmund Freud. By FRANCIS H. BARTLETT. *Gollancz.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

In his examination of Freudian psychology Mr. Bartlett frankly represents the Marxist school of thought. He does not question the correctness of the psycho-analytic method, both in the importance it attaches to free associations as genuine data and in its interpretation of them; and he accepts its fundamental inference of the existence of unconscious mental processes. But he seeks to show that many of the theories which Freud has built up on his findings are seriously invalidated by two main fallacies which inevitably distort the outlook of anyone who has been brought up in our present-day individualistic Society. These fallacies are, firstly, that the instinctual urges of the individual are innate, universal and unchangeable; and secondly, that they are of the particular type with which the individualist observer, both in his daily life and in his therapeutic work, has come into contact exclusively.

According to Marx the nature of the human mind is highly variable and is almost entirely the product of its social environment. Feelings of jealousy and aggression, fear of castration, the Oedipus complex, and so on, are none of them inherent in man regardless of the conditions of his life. They are, indeed, only found in people who belong to our own capitalistic and bourgeois form of civilisation, and are the outcome of such social and economic institutions as private property, patriarchal rule, monogamy, etc. In support of this contention, Mr. Bartlett quotes Malinowski's discovery that among the Trobriand Islanders, where the patriarchal family system does not obtain, sexual repressions and the Oedipus complex are unknown.

In Mr. Bartlett's opinion, the type of Society which is found in Russia to-day has produced human beings with a very different set of feelings and impulses. This possibility opens up a new and extremely interesting field for psycho-analytic investigation. Hitherto the question of how far the theories of psycho-analysis are true for individuals forming part of a different social structure could not be solved on grounds of direct observation, since almost every known form of Society which differs essentially from ours is composed of people on such a primitive level of culture that the idea of submitting its individual members to psycho-analysis is not feasible. The most that could be done was for trained psycho-analytic anthropologists to apply indirect methods, such as collecting dreams and myths and observing rituals, as Roheim has done.

It seems, however, that by now we have in the U.S.S.R. an established Society constructed on quite different lines and made up of civilised members who have been born and bred in it and have known no other state. The obvious thing to do is to set about investigating the mental make-up of these people by psycho-analysing them, that is to say, by using the method which is admittedly best adapted to give direct access to the underlying instinctual impulses. It may then be possible to learn to what extent a classless society, in which property, individual power, monogamy, imperialism and other hall-marks of bourgeois life have been eradicated, has in fact also succeeded in eradicating in the individual such motives as sexual jealousy and fears, possessiveness, cruelty, monogamous love, ambition and bellicosity—motives which we have hitherto been inclined to regard as universal attributes of the human mind.

A. F. S.

YACHTING FOR ALL

The Beauty of Sail. Pictures by BEKEN: Words by UFFA FOX. *Peter Davies.* 25*s.*

The Yachtsman's Week-end Book. By JOHN IRVING and DOUGLAS SERVICE. *Seeley Service.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Thoughts on Yachts and Yachting. By UFFA FOX. *Peter Davies.* 35*s.*

The Yachtsman's Annual and Who's Who. *Witherby.* 21*s.*

It was the Dutch who built the first British-owned yacht; the *Mary*, which their East India Company gave to our King Charles in 1660. Pleasure-yachts were "vessels not known among us," according to Evelyn, until that date.

The King first saw the Dutch *Mary* in August. She was "one of the finest things that I ever saw for neatness and room in so small a vessel," wrote Pepys. But no yachtsman yet ever owned a ship, that he did not think he could better: and by the beginning of November Pett had already been commissioned to build a new one: "to outdo this one for the honour of his country." So was presently launched the *Catherine*, the first yacht built in English yards. When, less than a year later, the first Royal regatta was held in British waters, four yachts competed. They were Dutch *Mary* and Dutch *Bezan*, British *Catherine* and *Anne*. At times the King himself took the tiller, and they raced from Greenwich to Gravesend and back.

Now, the last Royal yacht, *Britannia*, has had a sea-funeral: and with her, royal leadership of this sport or pleasure has gone. Perhaps for good. This is not an unimportant or accidental thing: it is a symptom of the change which has come over yachting in the last twenty years. For yachting to-day is no longer a beautiful kind of enjoyment for a few rich men, a badge of social elegance for millionaires. Or, it is no longer *only* that. It has become the pleasure also of very hard-up men—of thousands and thousands of them. Almost nobody need despair of becoming a yachtsman to-day, if he is prepared to make some sacrifices to that end. After all, you can get an old hull of some kind for the price of a radio: there is no licence to pay, nor (if she has sails) petrol to buy; no rates. As for upkeep, there are very few repairs which a handy man cannot learn to do for himself. Paint, canvas and rope may cost no more than the landsman spends on tyres and a big-end or two.

When Fred Rebell sailed the Pacific from Sydney to Los Angeles in 1932 in an 18ft. open boat, he had bought his boat and fitted her out for £25: food and replacements for a year cost him £20. When the United States Navy Department smashed his boat for him in Los Angeles harbour, they gave him $85 compensation, which left a net expenditure of £28—not a great one by any computation, seeing that it covered nearly 9,000 miles of ocean travel and his living expenses for a year.

Again, I know of a Yacht Club in a South Wales industrial port where many of the members are of the labouring class; and they built their club-house with their own hands.

With the enormous increase in the numbers of yachtsmen in the country, there has been a similar increase in the number of new books intended for a yachting public; so, if you are looking for a book to give a yachtsman for a present, you have to be very careful; for his shelf-space (at least on board) will be limited. There are certain books of reference he *must* carry; and one or two other books he will be well advised to carry, such as the Badminton Library's volume on *Cruising*, and Commander Irving's *Navigation for Small Yachts* (this latter is far the best book on its subject which I have come across). But if he

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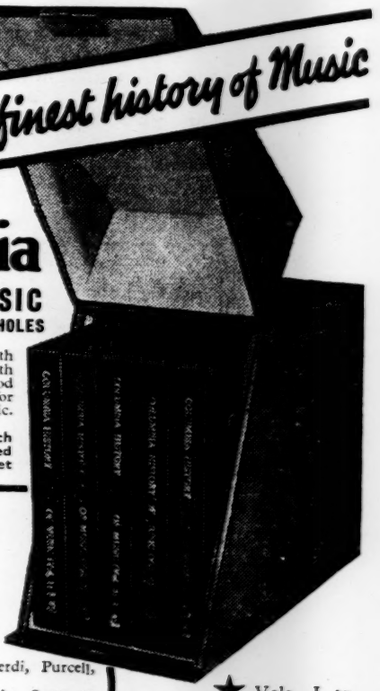

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has any room for luxuries at all, he will thank you for either of the books I am reviewing here.

The volume of photographs by Beken, with illustrative letterpress by Uffa Fox, covers mainly (though not entirely), the aristocratic end of the sport, and its history in the last fifty years. But even if you have neither the income nor the wish to take part in J-class racing and the rest of it, no one with an eye for a ship could fail to get intense pleasure from these beautiful and historic photographs, or to draw instruction from Uffa Fox's shrewd comments. Uffa Fox is, of course, in a class by himself among writers for yachtsmen; for not only is he one of the most brilliant designers and helmsmen of the day, but he has the rare natural gift of talking sense in the exact words which suit what he has to say.

The Yachtsman's Week-end Book is, as it should be, a potpourri of information (the learned opening to this review, for instance, is entirely cribbed from it: there is a chapter in which all the references to yachting in Pepys and Evelyn are collected together) and entertainment. It contains an admirable compendium of sea cookery: the recipes classified on the only logical system, which is of course the state of the weather in which the cook must work (it is no good trying to toss a pancake in weather when the pancake is just as likely to toss you). There is a sound anthology in prose and verse of passages from marine literature. For the rest, there is a boiling-down into small compass of the kind of information you expect to find in a fat cruising handbook: notes on pilotage and ship's husbandry, signals and flag etiquette.

If there seems a slightly forced tone of cheerfulness throughout (and a consistently cheerful shipmate is surely the most exasperating character you can ever sail with), that is a small and probably inevitable fault in a book of this kind, which has to present in a palatable form the result of research and sheer hard work which must have been considerable.

So we were given a new "Uffa" last year after all! The author seems rather diffident about it: but he need not be. Perhaps one or two of the later chapters lack some of his usual zest: but the long first chapter—or rather, group of chapters—on the boats he has owned or sailed and what he learned from each, is one of the best pieces of writing he has ever done. Considered as a whole, this new one is in no way inferior to the earlier volumes. For the yachtsman's birthday this book is an absolutely safe bet—provided you love him thirty-five-shillingsworth.

About the *Yachtsman's Annual and Who's Who* I do not feel quite so enthusiastic. Where it covers the same sort of ground that Uffa Fox does, it is a pedestrian sort of affair in comparison. Its general appearance is not good: it is even printed in double columns, which is an abomination, and has an "artistic" double-page spread on Ocean Racing which touches a new low for banality. There are few publishers nowadays who do not pay great attention to the appearance of their books: it is a pity there should still be any.

On the other hand, this *Annual* does contain a great deal of detailed information on the events of the past year, and provides a useful record for later reference on many points. Further, it contains a number of articles of general interest. One among these is outstanding. It is an account by Ture Rinman of the new Ljungström Hull—and in that the *Annual* really *has* stolen a march on Uffa! The Ljungström Rig, of course, with its unstayed mast that revolves in ball-bearings, and double sail that "roller-reefs" round that mast itself, is already in use, and is one of the most interesting and revolutionary inventions in the history of sail. But the Ljungström Hull, which is equally revolutionary, is still in its experimental stage. Up to now, it has only been tested in the form of 14-ft. models, and against accepted fishing-boat hull-forms: but the results appear to have been amazing. The general principles would appear to be that all the "lines" must be segments of a circle: that the lines in each set must even be segments of the *same* circle: and that the segments which form the sections must be terminated before their tangents reach the vertical (i.e. anything in the way of "tumblehome" is anathema). Now, Uffa Fox first made his name as a designer on exactly opposite principles. He substituted the V-sections of the hydroplane for the accepted U-sections in the design of small fast sailing-craft, thus teaching them to rise out of the water and plane along its surface at speeds theoretically impossible. It will be interesting to hear—as perhaps we shall, next year—what he thinks of the Ljungström Hull! The answer to the paradox would appear to be that while Uffa was aiming at a maximum of speed in a very light craft, Dr. Ljungström's object is different: *he* is concerned rather with a dry and easy passage (with low fuel-consumption, in the case of power-craft) at somewhat slower speeds.

In any case, the further development of these experiments will be watched with the greatest interest. RICHARD HUGHES

BACK TO BANK RATE

A Century of Bank Rate. By R. G. HAWTREY. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Hawtrey describes his book as "a history of the practice of the Bank of England in employing its discount rate as an instrument of monetary regulation"; but it is in fact a good deal more than this description implies. For, over and above a critical narrative of the changes in bank rate over the past century and the motives underlying these changes, Mr. Hawtrey in the latter half of his book embarks on a polemic against all those who put their main trust in other methods of influencing the degree of economic activity. He remains, what he has always been, a convinced exponent of the view that bank rate, if only it is wisely applied, can achieve almost anything, and that it is vastly superior as a regulative instrument to budget deficits and surpluses, schemes of Government expenditure on public works, social credit schemes, and all the other devices that have been advocated in recent years. According to Mr. Hawtrey, the vital thing is to manage the supply of money, and, if this is done, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred everything else will look after itself. He admits, indeed, the existence of the hundredth case, in which changes in bank rate may be ineffective, during a major depression, in bringing about a sufficient increase in investment; but he regards such cases as highly exceptional, and is very critical of those who attribute an independent force, under any save the most extraordinary conditions, to budgetary policies or schemes of public employment.

All this is, for Mr. Hawtrey, trodden ground. Of more novel importance is the section in which he attacks Mr. Keynes's implied views about the relationship between long-term and short-term interest rates. Within quite wide limits, he holds that long-term and short-term interest can vary almost independently, or at all events that their relation is so indeterminate that it is impracticable over short periods to fix long-term by managing short-term rates. He disputes the special role assigned by Mr. Keynes to the long-term rate of interest; and he also attacks the notion that changes in short-term rates involve enough difference in costs to determine effectively the volume of activity, except by their indirect effects on the lock-up of capital in stocks of goods or on the postponement or advancement of business orders.

Except on points of relative detail, these theoretical chapters do not add a great deal to the expositions given by Mr. Hawtrey in previous books. What is new in his work is the careful historical section, in which the effects of rising and falling (as against absolutely high or low) bank rates are studied, both in themselves and in the light of the somewhat rare explanations of policy given by the Bank of England itself. This factual survey is useful; and Mr. Hawtrey's interpolated comments and judgments are always interesting, and usually shrewd. As a whole, however, this part of the book is not easy to read, because most of it consists mainly of a recital of the actual statistics of movements in bank rate. Mr. Hawtrey will not convince the confirmed Keynsians that his emphasis is right; but many of his comments, especially in the section dealing with long-term interest rates, will give Mr. Keynes something to answer. G. D. H. COLE

The Passing of the Aborigines. By DAISY BATES. *Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Forty years ago Mrs. Bates went to Australia as a journalist to investigate the condition of the aborigines. Since then her life has been entirely devoted to these unhappy people. Year in, year out, she has lived in the remote wilds, with no society except that of the most backward of human beings, many of them cannibals and still palaeolithic in their culture. She has shared their hardships, been initiated into their mysteries, and protected their interests. To find a parallel for so entire a devotion would be difficult outside the life of the saints. But Mrs. Bates had no missionary purpose: her one object was to ease the life of these last survivors of a doomed race. In doing so she has accumulated an unparalleled mass of anthropological material, a little of which she gives us in her book. Unfortunately some cause, perhaps her modesty, has prevented the book from being the fascinating record for which one would look. Through a glass darkly we perceive that she is one of the most remarkable and noble women known to history

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

AMBASSADORS. Spring Meeting. Wed., Fri.

COLISEUM. Daily 2.30
Doorlay's Christmas Rocket.

COMEDY. Room for Two. Tues., Sat., 2.30

DRURY LANE. Babes in the Wood. Daily 2.0

DUCHESS. The Corn is Green. W., S., 2.30

GLOBE. Robert's Wife. Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.

PALACE. Under Your Hat Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

S. MARTIN'S. When We are Married. Tu., Fr.

SAVILLE. Geneva. Wed., Sat.

SAVOY. Treasure Island. Daily at 2.30

SHAFT'BURY. Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.

STRAND. Banana Ridge. Thurs. & Sat.

VAUDEVILLE. Goodness, How Sad! Tu., F.

WESTMINSTER. Marco Millions. W., S.

WYNDHAM'S. Quiet Wedding. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA & BALLET

SADLERS' WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.
2*d.* 'bus from Piccadilly. (Terminus 1672.) 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*

Tues.,	Jan. 10th, 8.30.	BALLET—CASSE-NOISETTE (in entirety), HOROSCOPE.
Wed.,	Jan. 11th, 2.30.	HANSEL AND GRETEL, preceded by FACADE.
Wed.,	Jan. 11th, 7.45.	DON CARLOS.
Thurs.,	Jan. 12th, 8.30.	BALLET—BARABAU, LES SYLPHIDES, CHECKMATE
Fri.,	Jan. 13th, 8.0.	FAUST with Full Ballet.
Sat.,	Jan. 14th, 2.30.	HANSEL AND GRETEL, preceded by FACADE.
Sat.,	Jan. 14th, 8.0.	THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

THEATRES

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesday & Friday, 2.30.
SPRING MEETING
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161.
Daily at 2.30, 6.25 and 9 p.m.
The Wonder Show
DOORLAY'S CHRISTMAS ROCKET

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., Sat., 2.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
ROOM FOR TWO

DRURY LANE. (Temple Bar 7171)
TWICE DAILY, 2.0 & 7.45.
"BABES IN THE WOOD"
G. S. MELVIN, FAY COMPTON,
JACK EDGE, GRETA FAYNE.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30, Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in HIS OWN PLAY
THE CORN IS GREEN
The Play Produced by the Author

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. 5122
EVENINGS ONLY at 8.30
BASIL SYDNEY & MARGARETTA SCOTT in
TRAITOR'S GATE
"... HOW THE PLAY HOLDS!"—*Times.*

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601)
Evgs, 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Mats., Tu., Th., Sat., 2.30
GYLES ISHAM and WANDA ROTHA in
ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA
"A PLAY TO SEE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

THEATRES—continued

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO,
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER.
in **THE FLEET'S LIT UP**
GEORGE BLACK'S ROLLICKING MUSICAL FROLIC.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Hol. 9617 & 5367
28th year ITALIA CONTI production
WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS
MATINEES DAILY, at 2.15.
Pop. Prices. Concessions to Parties. Box office open.

LYRIC. Ger. 3686. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, MARGARET RAWLINGS in
THE FLASHING STREAM
by CHARLES MORGAN.

OLD VIC. (WATERLOO 6336.) 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*
Evenings (including Mondays) at 8.0
Mats.: Thurs. & Sat., 2.30
UNTIL JANUARY 21st
CHRISTMAS REVIVAL
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
(Shakespeare)
DOROTHY HYSON ROBERT HELPMANN
PEGGY LIVESEY RUTH WYNN OWEN
HARRY ANDREWS BEN WEBSTER
ANTHONY NICHOLLS EDWARD CHAPMAN
JOHN MILLS
Produced by TYRONE GUTHRIE
Dances arranged by Ninette de Valois
Costumes and Scenery by Oliver Messel
Next Production:
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

PALACE. Ger. 6834. Evgs., 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30
LEE EPHRAIM PRESENTS
JACK CICELY
HULBERT and COURTNEIDGE in
"UNDER YOUR HAT"

PLAYHOUSE. (Whi. 7774) Mats. only, DAILY, 2.30
ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS
including the Mad Hatter's Tea Party.
By LEWIS CARROLL.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs. at 8.15 sharp
Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST. JOHN GIELGUD in
DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
LONDON'S LAUGHING SUCCESS
WHEN WE ARE MARRIED
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

SAVILLE. (Tem. 4011.) Evgs., 8.15. Wed. & Sat., 2.30
BERNARD SHAW'S play of the moment.
GENEVA
Prices, 1/6 to 10/6.

SAVOY. Tem. 8888. Mats DAILY at 2.30
MALCOLM KEEN in
TREASURE ISLAND
For Boys from Seven to Seventy. LAST 2 WEEKS

SAVOY. Tem. 8888.
EVENINGS ONLY at 8.30 LAST 2 WEEKS
LOT'S WIFE by Peter Blackmore.
NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
"Laughter in every Line."—*Daily Herald.*

SHAFTESBURY. (Ger. 6666). Last 2 Weeks
Evgs., 8.15 prompt. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30
LESLIE BANKS, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS in
GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS

STRAND. (Tem. 2660). Last 2 Weeks
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
BANANA RIDGE by Ben Travers.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Evgs., ex. Mons., 8.30.
"... a cure for despondency."—*New Statesman.*
BABES IN THE WOOD
A PANTOMIME WITH POLITICAL POINT.
Seats: 1/- to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/-, Share 1/-).
Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

VAUDEVILLE. Tem. 4871. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30
GOODNESS, HOW SAD!
by Robert Morley.
100th Performance, Thursday, Jan. 12th.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly 6.20, & 9
LUPINO LANE
TEDDIE ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES.
ME AND MY GIRL
THE HOME OF THE LAMBETH WALK. SECOND YEAR

THEATRES—continued

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) 8/6, 6/6, 4/6, 2/6
Evgs., 8.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30
EUGENE O'NEILL'S
MARCO MILLIONS
"THIS STRANGELY BEAUTIFUL PLAY IS MOST BEAUTIFULLY PRESENTED." —*Evening News.*
"BRILLIANTLY EFFECTIVE."—*Daily Telegraph.*
GRIFFITH JONES CATHERINE LACEY
ROBERT HARRIS GEORGE HOWE

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. Bar 3028 & 9
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30
QUIET WEDDING
ELIZABETH ALLAN FRANK LAWTON MARIE LÖHR

REPERTORY THEATRES

HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m. Little
Tobias and the Angel
JAMES BRIDIE

LIVERPOOL. Evgs., 7.45. The Playhouse
Bonnet Over the Windmill
DODIE SMITH.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
DANIELLE DARRIEUX in **"Katia"** (A)
PAULA WESSELY and ANTON WALBROOK
in *"MASKERADE"* (A)
Also *"BRITAIN EXPECTS"* (A)

BERKELEY, Berkeley St. May. 8505
PIERRE FRESNAY in
"CHERI-BIBI" (A) A vivid drama of Devil's Island.
Also MERLE OBERON and LAURENCE OLIVIER
in *"THE DIVORCE OF LADY X"* (A)

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, JANUARY 9th, for SEVEN DAYS
PAULA WESSELY in
EPISODE (A)
March of Time on
INSIDE THE MAGINOT LINE (U)

LONDON PAVILION. Ger. 2982
Walter Wanger presents
Frederick MARCH, Joan BENNETT in
"TRADE WINDS" (A)
Showing at 10.40, 12.50, 3.5, 5.20, 7.35, 9.45

CIRCUS

AGAIN AT OLYMPIA
BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS
Daily, 2.30, 7.30. 3 Shows every Saturday at 2 o.c., 5.15 and 8.30.
BOX OFFICE, Shep. Bush 1240.
Covered Garage in Olympia for 1,200 cars at 1/6.
CLOSING JANUARY 26th

EXHIBITIONS

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ART EXHIBITION.
In aid of the Dockland Settlements.
26 CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET, W.1
(The New Premises of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours)
JANUARY 9th to 21st, 1939
from 10 to 5
Admission 1*s.* 6*d.* Children 6*d.*
Hon. Secretary: M. C. CARR-GOMM, 44 Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5. FRO. 2150.

LONDON GALLERY, 28 Cork Street, W.1.
E. L. T. MESENS presents
A retrospective exhibition by the surrealist painter
MAX ERNST
In aid of Czechoslovakian and Jewish Refugees
Closing date Jan. 14th. Open daily (Sat. also) 10/6
Next exhibition: LIVING ART IN ENGLAND. Open Jan. 18th

PICASSO'S "Guernica." Talks by Herbert Read and others. Whitechapel Art Gallery, E.1, till Jan. 15. Free.

DANCES

FIESTA for "Food for Spain Funds." SAT., JAN. 7th, 7.30–12. Seymour Hall, St. Marylebone. (Stations: Edgware Rd., Marylebone and Baker St.) Dancing. Cabaret. Sideshows. Licensed Buffet. Compère: John Goss. Spanish Ambassador present. Tickets: 2*s.* 6*d.* (Collet's) or 3*s.* at door.

RESTAURANTS

IF you are within eating distance go to RULES for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (since 1780).

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 31

Her sympathy and understanding reveal very rare virtues of heart and head. (She has been able to love women who made a habit of eating their own children.) Although her book gives so dim a picture of her fabulous career, it can honestly be recommended to all whose faith in human nature is being disintegrated by modern Europe.

Livy, Vol. XII (Books 40–42), translated by EVAN T. SAGE and A. C. SCHLESINGER. **Pliny,** *Natural History* (Books 1 and 2), translated by H. RACKHAM. **Varro;** *De Lingua Latina*, Vol. II, translated by ROLAND G. KENT. **Remains of Old Latin,** Vol. III (Lucilius and Laws of the Twelve Tables), translated by E. H. WARMINGTON. *Heinemann.* (*Loeb Classics.*) Each vol. 12*s.* 6*d.* leather; 10*s.* cloth.

The new batch of "Loebs" includes the first of ten volumes of the Elder Pliny's *Natural History*, ably translated and edited by Mr. Rackham, of Christ's, Cambridge. This treatise is all that survives of the output of that indefatigable writer. A great deal of it would hardly pass for scientific to-day, but much sound sense and accurate observation is mixed with the curious and fantastic. The present volume contains the author's Preface; Book I, which is a detailed summary of the contents of the following thirty-six books; and Book II, which deals with cosmology, meteorology, geography and the like. Professor Kent does his best with the rather tedious Varro, whose philological treatise is now completed. Of Lucilius, the first Roman satirist, we have unfortunately nothing left but scraps—less, in fact, than 1,300 lines or parts of lines. The Twelve Tables, too, are very fragmentary. The originals of the code drawn up, according to tradition, in the fifth century B.C., were probably destroyed in 390 B.C. when the Gauls burned Rome. The "Remains of Old Latin" will not make bedside reading for most of us; but scholars will be grateful to Professor Warmington for the care with which he has handled his material. Livy is now nearly complete. This volume, the last but one, brings his history down to the Third Macedonian War and within a year or two of the decisive battle of Pydna.

The Pleasures of Literature. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book is designed to have both a popular and a particular appeal, and although the author's scope ranges from Goethe to Walt Whitman and embraces Dickens, Dante and Dostoievsky, each writer is treated with a characteristic thoroughness. They are treated, moreover, by a frankly confessed bookworm, and one who shows us his heroes not as precious fossilised museum pieces but with an intimacy and good-natured insight that would have pleased one of the greatest of them, the genial Abbé of Meudon himself. He is concerned no less with what they say than why they say it. The study of St. Paul is more than a mere critique of his letters: it is an exposition of the strength and weaknesses of the man himself and the fundamentals of the Christian Church. Miltonians will find their poet's greatest secret, his elegance of words, studied with as much attention as his temperament and opinions, while admirers of Proust will find his methods analysed in no less complete a way than the character of the surprising M. de Charlus or of Robert de Saint Loup. The same applies to Shakespeare and Nietzsche, Hardy and Cervantes. Each aspect is touched upon in essence if not in detail: in a work which can devote only a chapter each to the Odyssey and the Bible it would obviously be impossible to deal with details. There are a few notable omissions, including Flaubert, Chaucer and Keats, but on the whole the selection is a wise one. Though certain of his conclusions may be questioned, Mr. Powys is never unduly provocative, and this book may be recommended as an admirable *apéritif* for the desultory reader of world literature.

Sir Edward Elgar. By THOMAS F. DUNHILL. *Blackie.* 5*s.*

Mr. Dunhill's informative little book supplies a felt need. It gives a brief, clear account of Elgar's career, from his not unhopeful origins in Malvern up to his distinguished old age as the Grand Old Man of English music. He was a self-made composer, a fact which perhaps accounts for his two styles: like Sibelius, he was able to turn out a quantity of agreeable but inferior salon music simultaneously with his most important works—a capacity which speaks for the richness of his inventive faculty rather than for any innate vulgarity of temperament. Like Bruckner, with whom he had, as a composer, many points in common, Elgar developed late, and the works by which he seems likely to be remembered belong without exception to his maturity. Mr. Dunhill does well to draw attention to the exceptionally fine quality of *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom*, two oratorios which have been unfairly put in the shade by *The Dream of Gerontius*, though they are in many ways finer and more mature than that earlier work. Mr. Dunhill emphasises the importance of the orchestral part in these oratorios, and he puts his finger on the weakness of *The Apostles* when he says: "The chief fault of the work . . . is that its representative themes, so constantly introduced, are seldom given new aspects." When considering the chamber music of Elgar's last period, the author seems rather less than fair to the exquisite *Cello Concerto;* but he is undoubtedly right in pointing out the weakness of the piano parts in the *Violin Sonata* and the *Piano Quintet*—a weakness which has militated against the popularity of two works whose magnificent thematic material would otherwise certainly have won them constant performances.

Week-end Competitions

No. 462

Set by Roger Marvell

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for the best set of three clerihews upon painters or sculptors, living or dead.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 13.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 459

Set by T. W. Earp

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for the best apocryphal anecdote, of not more than 300 words, from an imaginary book of memoirs, concerning Tennyson, Gladstone, Jowett or Whistler.

Report by T. W. Earp

A good percentage of the entries received would make an historian despair, which is a compliment. They show how, with the requisite skill, new items may yet be slipped into the Museum of National Legend beside Alfred's cakes, Raleigh's cloak, and the stuffed deer of Shakespeare's poaching. Was not its library but lately enriched by a bulky collection of *lapsus linguae*, for which he was not responsible, attributed to Dr. Spooner? As abettors of this constant triumph of myth over fact, the following are highly commended: E. H. Bedwell, for his rescue of Gladstone from an awkward question in the House by a well-timed fainting-attack of Mrs. Gladstone in the ladies' gallery, hence "What Mr. Gladstone did not say in 1869": R. Gaffikin, for neatly transferring the Washington cherry-tree episode to the English statesman's youth: A. J. Halliday, who gives as the genesis of Tennyson's "Flower in the crannied wall," a child's remark on the "flower in Granny's wall: "Starlight," who, as the lady of the stays unjustly accused of creaking, sends an unpublished verse of apology from the Laureate: W. Bliss, whose Jowett thus dismisses the "My name is Benjamin Jowett" couplets, "Except as extreme examples of meiosis, I am unable to discern any merit in either": and "Hitem-Ti," whose Jowett receives from a German scholar a work on Socrates, dedicated to him. "He said that mine was the only translation which had clearly brought out the real character of that remarkable man. 'That's very nicely put,' I said. 'Quite so,' said Jowett, 'but kindly read the title.' I looked at the dedication and then at the title; it was 'Socrates der Idiot.'" But though these entries had objective merit as anecdote, they were conveyed impersonally. A. R. Thomas, however, well catches the horrors of the chatty reminiscence-writer, and is queerly inventive, while the frigidity with which G. F. Plant crystallises an awful moment is ducally appropriate. They are recommended respectively for the first and the second prize.

FIRST PRIZE

Extract from *Artists' Strife: Memoirs of a Louvre Loafer*

One morning during the time of the year when Paris (dear, enchanting Paris) is bathed in the champagne sun of spring, Jimmy Whistler and I found ourselves stranded on the Ile St. Louis. Our tonsils were as dusty as the cobbled streets, and by mutual consent we turned into a corner café. Winter still clung to it, for the brightly coloured tables and chairs were yet to be placed on the pavement, and could be seen stacked behind the counter.

"Let us examine the Art of the Back Street," said Whistler, with a whimsical expression in his eyes. "See—tawdry tin-types of long-dead prize-fighters—twopenny coloured impressions of ladies of the Can-Can—illustrations torn from cheap magazines. . . . Ah!"

He strolled over to the opposite wall, and stood in surprise before a flyblown photograph in a wooden frame. It was a fairly bad reproduction of Jimmy's notorious painting of his mother. I caught his eye, and we collapsed in helpless laughter.

"Good day, gentlemen. You are merry!"

At that moment the proprietor came forward, wiping his massive hands in a dirty dish-cloth. He was a brute of a fellow, with a beard like an African jungle, and a jaw like the Rock of Gibraltar. His eyes blazed fire, and his teeth were like twin rows of tombstones.

"Pray, Monsieur," said Whistler, tapping the photograph, "Who is this so charming old lady?"

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

FABIANS, Stalinists and Trotskyists all welcome at Primrose 6466. Sanely furnished rooms, good food, hot baths. 2 gns. single. 35/- double each.

HYDE PARK, 82, Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

BLOOMSBURY. Board-residence. Moderate terms. Anglo-American management. MR. and MRS. CRAFTON HARRIS, 15 Gordon Street, W.C.1.

CHELSEA. Attractively furnished modern service rooms. Spacious double, 42s. 6d. Single, 25s. 29 Oakley Street. Flaxman 9864.

W.C.1. One-roomed flatlets. Use kitchens. One has private kitchen. Mus. 8059 before 1 p.m.

BEAUTIFULLY appointed service rooms with baths and breakfast from 5s. 6d. per night. Double from 50s. per week. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5. Flax. 1181.

MARBLE ARCH, near. Exceptionally bright Divan Rooms, comfortably furnished. 17s. 6d., 22s. 6d. PAD. 4101.

A BACK WITH A VIEW over lovely gardens. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s. Bed-B'fast. 37s. 6d. part board. Billiards. Table Tennis. FLATLETS (unfurn.) alcove basins, kitchenettes, private baths, from 18s. 6d. BED-SITTING rooms (unfurn.), running h. & c., from 12s. 6d. Catering optional. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS. Bed sitting room, including light, baths, service. 30s. Meals available. 'Phone: HOL. 4112.

BAKER STREET (30 and 32 Nottingham Place, W.1). Attractive modern furnished flatlets. Concealed basins (h. & c.). P.O. telephones. Singles from 35s. weekly, double from 64s. (including breakfast). Other meals optional. Resident owner. Tel.: Welbeck 5441.

HOLLAND PARK. Modern rooms with breakfast, 25s. Constant hot water. Quiet house. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

HAMPSTEAD. Small pleasant room in private flat to let furnished to woman student or professional woman. Breakfast, dinner, full board weekends. Every convenience, good situation, moderate terms. Apply: ENFIELD, 24 Thurlow Road, N.W.3. Ham. 0752.

W.C.1. Bed, breakfast, bath, light, 30s. (in private flat). Ring before 11 a.m. Terminus 3854.

OPPOSITE British Museum, furnished room, use of kitchen and bathroom, terms moderate. Box 3772

HOLLAND PARK. Large bright divan rooms overlooking garden square. From 22s. 6d. H. & C., gas fires. PARK 4329.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD DIVAN ROOMS, newly decorated, furnished, H. & C., dining room, garden. Close Tube and buses. Breakfast and dinner from 2 gns. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. Mai. 1930.

CHARMING bed-sittingroom for writer or artist, opening quiet garden. Newly redecorated. 18s. 6d. Use kitchen. Primrose 6534, Saturday, Sunday.

LARGE well-furnished Bed-sitting room. All conveniences, attendance. Suitable one, two gentlemen or musician. View by appointment. Telephone before 10.30 a.m. Flaxman 3163.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

IF you find Town too dear and noisy or suburbs too dull you would probably be happier at Welwyn. Houses in this pleasant little Hertfordshire town (30 minutes from King's Cross) are for sale for £700 to £3,000 or to rent from £66 to £200 p.a. Illustrated details on request from N. S. WILLIAMS, The Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 248.

MODERN artistically furnished one-room flat (bath, kitchen) to let. Every modern convenience. Central situation. 225 Russell Court, Woburn Pl., W.C.1.

LARGE living room, bedroom, kitchen-bathroom to let furnished, 35s., first floor. EASDALE, 38 Upper Park Road, N.W.3. Ring Primrose 6204.

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THE
ARYAN PATH

JANUARY, 1939 *72 pages*

Special Peace Number

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CHARITY

GOOD used toys wanted for play-room. Child Guidance Department, Guy's Hospital, S.E.1. Telephone: Hop 2404.

The repulsive giant bowed low.

"My mother, Monsieur," he said, with an angelic smile.

We stifled our laughter, nearly tearing our internal regions in the act. Whistler tightened the reins of the joke.

"Monsieur, there is an impostor, an American, now living in Paris who claims it is *his* mother!"

A terrible look passed across the villain's face.

"His name, Monsieur?"

"Monsieur Whistler," said Jimmy, mockingly.

"The dog! I will slit his throat!"

The rogue never *did* visit Whistler, but to safeguard himself he bought a great bulldog with a countenance oddly like that of the ugly proprietor. This canine bodyguard became the talk of Paris, and was, I believe, the indirect inspiration of the famous song—"Whistler and His Dog."

A. R. THOMAS

SECOND PRIZE

From "The Diary of a Duchess"

Mr. Gladstone arrived at the Castle to-day. The Queen has never liked him and he must feel his position keenly, when he is Minister in attendance. One of his difficulties is that he cannot overcome a certain stiffness and severity of manner, and his rare attempts at a lighter touch are apt to be somewhat crude. The following incident, which took place at dinner this evening, illustrates what I mean. "I understand, Mr. Gladstone," said the Queen, "that you are occupying your leisure time in cutting down a large tree in the Park at Hawarden."

"On the contrary, Ma'am," replied the Premier, with a bow and what was presumably meant for an ingratiating smile, "I am occupied in cutting it up."

The Queen's expression froze, and with a cold "Indeed," she turned away her head.

I happened to be Mr. Gladstone's other neighbour, and, to hide his discomfiture, he entertained me to a solemn disquisition on the use of the digamma in the Iliad.

C. F. PLANT

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 460

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea for the best set of verses (limit 16 lines) designed to hang in a station waiting room, a cell for drunks, a pawnbroker's shop, a pin-table saloon, or a casual ward.

Report by G. W. Stonier

"I am a very poor poet," one competitor writes to me. "Well, you ought to know by now—my 467th entry." Not much of a poet perhaps, by standards of skill, but he gets a prize now and then, does Mr. W., and his broadsheet style and sloping hand must be familiar to all who have set one of these competitions. He rarely misses a week. This time he encloses advice to those passing through the casual ward. Some of it is amusingly shrewd:

Now God helps them that help themselves.
God help those caught helping themselves!

He warns against late rising, procrastination, and idleness. His admonition ends:

And mark me pals
If you will not hear reason
She will surely rap your knuckles in season
And as a parting word dear brothers
To rob a brother is worse than treason.

I prefer this to rollicking verses on the Open Road sent in by others, if only because it might hang in a casual ward without incongruity. Pin-table saloons evoked only rather pallid reflections on luck and skill and what one entrant enthusiastically described as "good clean fun" (but hasn't he forgotten the peepshows in the corner?). There were several lively poems designed to catch the eye of the imprisoned drunk. W. R. Y.'s "Night Thought" began briskly:

When vine-leaves lead to Vine Street
And "Scotch" to Scotland Yard,
And you're the bloke who's flung in choke
Your luck, my friend, is hard.

L. V. Upward enlarged amusingly, but rather too elaborately, on the "tinted fauna—reptile, insect or rodent" which might be expected to haunt the drunkard's cell. "Odda" was more sympathetic:

Come in and rest upon this bed
Your herald of to-morrow's head. . . .

But nine-tenths of those who entered for this competition chose the station waiting room. Some catalogued its horrors—the fog, the coloured views of Brighton, the seats without springs; others, attracted by empty wall space, devised solemn verses to hang like texts or country verses to take the place of posters; several asked for a Square Deal; many found in the waiting room and the people there a symbol of our earthly life. T. C. M. Winward achieved a Day Lewis effect with images taken from the railway:

O stranger, as from day to day
You travel on life's permanent way,
If you have problems to resolve
Then stay awhile and they'll dissolve.

Perchance you have a signal fear
That your pulling wires will fail;
And is your line of action clear
If you leave the narrow rail?
Could you touch the magic chord
That brings with it communication? . . .

Richard Usborne produced an agreeable "If":

If you can sit, and not grow tired of sitting
With only Travel Timetables to read;
Can clear your throat and yet refrain from spitting;
Can blow your nose and yet not have it bleed. . . .

—but, really, that gambit has been used too often. Miss F. Keyworth's *To Strangers* seems to me delightfully suited to a country waiting room and deserves, I think, the First Prize; Mr. A. K. Milne comes next with his ironical lines for a Casual Ward.

FIRST PRIZE

TO STRANGERS

Beyond this junction, by the side
Of slender trees that bend and sigh,
There runs a river flowing wide,
Towards the ever-changing sky.

Turn by the cutting, where the rains
Have left their pleasant aftermath,
And cross the line. (Beware of trains!)
Over the stile, along the path,

You'll find the bridge. Beneath its arch,
The distant waters, cool and clear,
By willow, meadowsweet and larch,
Glide slowly to the tumbling weir.

Strangers who pause to read this rhyme,
Go, leave your things without demur,
And watch the water. You have time,
Before the train to Manchester.

F. KEYWORTH

SECOND PRIZE

LINES FOR A CASUAL WARD

Envy not the sleek repose
Of the socially superior:
Expert observation shows
The later one awakes, the blearier.

The sleep of petty bourgeois, too,
Leaves a lot to be desired:
We know from adverts' ballyhoo
How many of them wake up tired.

So render Providence your thanks,
Pausing to reflect a minute,
That rising from a bed of planks
Is pleasanter than staying in it.

A. K. MILNE

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EXCHANGED
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ALFRED WILSON'S BOOKSHOPS
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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 314.—SEPARATION ORDER

"A Happy New Year," writes Artless Arthur.

"I have made up a problem about two of the things that interest you: dodecahedra and cards.

"Here it is.

"On each face of a dodecahedron is pasted one of the 12 court cards from an ordinary pack. This is done in such a way that no face on which a King is pasted is contiguous to the face on which is pasted the Queen of the same suit.

"In how many different ways can the 12 court cards be arranged in conformity with this condition?"

Artless Arthur's problem is, I think, well calculated to ensure a headache. I pass it on, with my compliments.

PROBLEM 313.—BRIDGE IN THE BOARDROOM

For the removal of doubts

The wording of this problem is not satisfactory, as one or two solvers have been kind enough to point out. Will those who have not yet tackled it please use the following version?

A Banker invited four friends—a Butcher, a Baker, a Beaver and a Bellman—to Bridge in the Boardroom of the Bank.

Each pair played one rubber against each of the other pairs. Payment was in Boobles, and money changed hands after each rubber. On no two rubbers was the amount which changed hands the same.

The Beaver pocketed 80 Boobles, having won every rubber in which he participated. *The Bellman began by winning all his rubbers, and went on winning until he had won* 80 *Boobles. But he lost all his remaining rubbers, paying out* 21 *Boobles.* The Butcher lost 48 Boobles.

The Baker lost the largest possible number of Boobles consistent with the above data.

How much was won or lost by the Banker?

The sentence which I have amended is italicised.

PROBLEM 312

Solution by E. L. Russell

Since the square of L ends in L, by considering tables of squares for any scale, we find that the possible values of L are:

1 for any scale r
L = 4, 9, 11 for $r = 12$
L = 5, 6 for $r = 10$
L = 3, 4 for $r = 6$

Substituting these values of L and r in the equation

$$E = \frac{(Lr + A)^2 - L}{r(r + 1)}$$

and using the additional equation $AL^2 = OBOL$, we find that the only possible solution is when $r = 7$, and then $16^2 = 331$; $61^2 = 5251$.

Thus, in the scale of 7,

$$EE \times LL = 33 \times 11 = 363 = EAE.$$

Here is a solution which shows ingenuity, though, alas, it does not score points:

From the form of the squares the only possible solution is:

$(LA)^2 = 19^2 = 361 = EEL$ .. .. (A)
$(AL)^2 = 91^2 = 8281 = OBOL$

From (A) it is seen that EE = 36 E...E = 3...6 and so on
$\therefore EE \times LL = 36 \times 11 = 396 = EAE.$

PROBLEM 311.—MY DEAR, *Too* DOTTY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Miss A. L. Bulley, Ness, Nesten, Wirrall, Cheshire. *Seven* points are awarded.

PROBLEM 310.—WHEN THE RUBBER WAS OVER

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: E. W. Wignall, 16 Christchurch Road, Purley, Surrey. *Eight* points are awarded. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

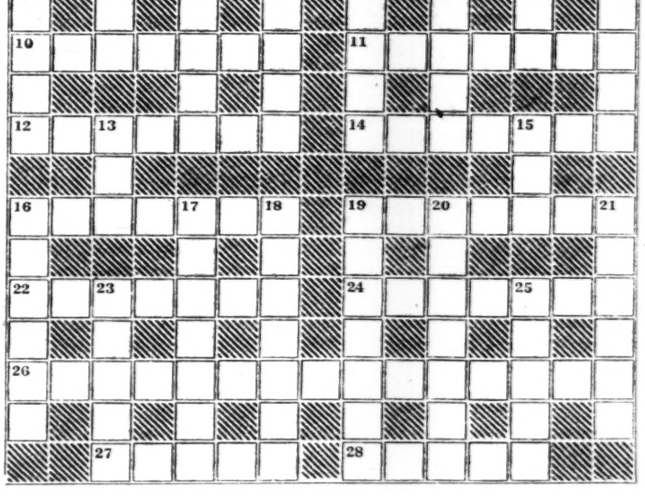
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 461

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

E. D. Graham Guest, 6 Newbattle Terrace, Edinburgh.

ACROSS.

1. Such a client would be unwelcome even to a cannibal trader. (13)
8. "Carrying on" announcement. (15)
10. Puce is a variety of it. (7)
11. Thither presumably. (7)
12. Never was Greek to the Romans. (7)
14. Art is terribly difficult to begin with. (7)
16. This be her lover. (7)
19. The return of the prospero-us native. (7)
22. One of one's front teeth does. (7)
24. Where it has a valve broken. (7)
26. Does he fix up couples in the City? (15)
27 & 28. Not a meal on the square at mid-day. (5) (5)

DOWN.

2. What one should arrive at on the cackle being cut. (5)
3. Net gain—one flower. (7)
4. They have a way of running under the furniture. (7)
5. No Hindu would recognise it as trash. (7)
6. Put Noel in a wealthy form. (7)
7. The sort of exercise that Chopin favoured. (5)
8. Shade of St. Dominic. (5)
9. Opposite of the opposite of sober. (5)
13 See 15. (3)
15 & 13. Saxpence for example. (3)
16. Not to be trusted, the Psalmist thought (6)
17. You'll need some guts, man, for this. (7)
18 (rev.). The old reveller's staff. (7)
19. Puts the flat up. (7)
20. Looked uffish. (7)
21. One's reading often gets sandwiched between them. (6)
23. One shape of Hamlet's cloud. (5)
25. What came of the vet going to church? (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

E	L	C	A	R	■	O	R	C	H	E	S	T	R	A
L	■	R	■	E	■	R	■	A	■	A	■	E	■	P
B	R	A	S	S	B	A	N	D	■	S	H	A	R	P
O	■	C	■	T	■	T	■	E	■	T	■	C	■	L
W	E	E	P	■	H	O	R	N	S	■	E	H	C	A
E	■	N	■	H	■	R	■	T	■	W	■	■	■	U
D	L	O	■	A	R	I	A	■	M	A	S	S	E	D
■	■	T	■	R	O	T	■	I	■	A	■	■	■	■
A	T	E	M	P	O	■	C	H	A	T	■	X	A	T
N	■	■	■	S	■	P	■	E	■	S	■	O	■	U
G	O	N	G	■	P	R	I	C	E	■	O	P	E	N
E	■	A	■	O	■	E	■	H	■	S	■	H	■	I
L	I	K	E	N	■	S	H	O	R	T	H	O	R	N
O	■	E	■	C	■	T	■	I	■	O	■	N	■	G
T	H	R	E	E	F	O	U	R	■	P	R	E	S	S

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

HOME RAILS—THE PRESIDENT AND WALL STREET—MONETARY POLICY

THE New Year opened bravely on the Stock Exchange, but the courage of buyers did not last for more than a day. When jobbers and brokers stand about with little business to transact their thoughts inevitably turn to the dismal political things abroad, for, contrary to general belief, their fund of salacious stories is not inexhaustible. Their chief worry at the moment is the decline in sterling, which depresses commodity shares and fails to have any stimulating effect even on gold shares. In fact, the Kaffir market appears to be still under the influence of the friends of Jewish refugees desirous of raising cash. The decline in railway traffics this week was not as bad as the market had expected, but stock prices went down and it may not be long before the recent rise which accompanied the railway campaign for a "Square Deal" has been entirely lost. Even at to-day's prices the railway prior charges seem to me fairly high, for even if the railway demand for de-restriction of goods rates is granted no immediate gain in revenues can be expected—rather the reverse:

	Price.	Yield, %.
Great Western:		
4% Debenture	102 x.d.	£3 18 6
5% Guaranteed	109½	£4 11 3
London & North-Eastern:		
4% Debenture	92½ x.d.	£4 6 6
1st 4% Guaranteed	73	£5 11 0
London Midland & Scottish:		
4% Debenture	97½ x.d.	£4 2 0
4% Guaranteed	85	£4 15 0
Southern Railway:		
4% Debenture	102 x.d.	£3 18 3
5% Guaranteed	116	£4 7 0

The Transport Advisory Council has not yet reported to the Government on the railway claims, but I hear that the railway managements are negotiating direct with their big customers and with the road transport interests to try to make an agreed report possible. If this report leads to a rise in the home railway market I would advise a sale of the relatively dear prior charges.

* * *

Wall Street's reaction to the Presidential message to Congress on Wednesday was favourable, and the Dow Jones Index closed just under 155, within four points of the "high" of last November. The message did not foreshadow any positive reversal of New Deal policy; the President appeared to be unrepentantly an "expansionist" so far as deficit treasury financing at the present stage of the trade cycle is concerned. He emphasised the view that the way to achieve ultimately a balanced budget was to raise the national income, and that this could not be done if there were abrupt retrenchment of Federal expenditure. With regard to concrete immediate problems concerning Wall Street—namely the projected railway legislation and the position of the utilities—the President was non-committal. There was, however, a notable absence of denunciation of big business which gave, from Wall Street's point of view, an unpleasantly aggressive tone to earlier messages; and the hint that industrial conciliation must form part of the basis of national unity against external aggression was well received.

* * *

The Bankers' Clearing House return for 1938 does not make very cheerful reading. Aggregate clearings were down by 7.2 per cent., the declines being 7.7 per cent. in the case of Town, 3.9 per cent. in Metropolitan, and 3.4 per cent. in Country cheque clearings. On Stock Exchange settlement days clearings were nearly 14 per cent. lower than in 1937. Add the fact that new capital issues last year, according to the Midland Bank's estimate, showed a fall of 31 per cent.; it is evident that 1938 witnessed a very considerable contraction of financial turn-over, which can hardly be explained away in terms of the growing tendency to obviate use of cheques by "traders' credits" and direct transfers from one banking account to another. Moreover, Provincial clearings, which are a truer index of industrial activity, also record a substantial, though unevenly distributed, contraction. The total is down by 14.5 per cent. Textile depression is marked by falls of 24.3 per cent. in the case of Liverpool, 15.9 per cent. in Manchester, and 20.7 per cent. in Bradford. Hull, Birmingham and Leicester have also fared badly, whereas in the case of Newcastle, Sheffield and Bristol the declines are less than 3 per cent. The general picture is one of a recession patchy in its incidence and moderate, so far, in its extent, with financial enterprise making the worst showing.

* * *

The question whether the usual optimistic New Year forecasts issued by leading industrialists—somewhat more guardedly this year than of late—will be justified depends partly on international politics and partly on the attitude of the Government and the Bank of England towards the long-term rate of interest. The City is beginning to entertain uneasy suspicions that the authorities are inclined to act as though Britain were still on the gold standard and that the pressure on sterling which has entailed heavy gold losses from the Exchange Account since the September Crisis is being read as a signal pointing to the need for dearer money. Certainly the average level of bankers' balances at the Bank of England has lately been reduced; little attempt has been made to offset the temporary immobilisation of funds in public deposits as a result of the Exchange Account's gold sales; there has been a severe contraction in the volume of bills held outside Public Departments; the market was quite wantonly treated to a year-end "money squeeze"; and the joint stock banks have been pressing for repayment of commercial advances. If Mr. Montagu Norman is unable to recollect that this is an industrial country, let us hope that Sir John Simon is more of a realist. The gold losses represent merely the removal of "cloakroom" deposits by foreigners in London, and the persistent sales of sterling still proceeding arise from political fears which would be totally unaffected by a rise of 1 or 2 per cent. in the cost of long-term money. A dose of deflation, at a time when there is no symptom of inflation visible, when trade is hesitant and when the Government has to face the imperative need of large-scale rearmament borrowing would be the policy of the Mad Hatter. A substantial increase in the credit base is needed. Britain's gold stocks are ample to protect sterling. The wise policy at this juncture would be for the Public Departments to sell bills and support strongly the gilt-edged market, and for the Treasury to increase simultaneously the tender issue of bills.

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3.P.52

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

BOROUGH OF KIDDERMINSTER.
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN AND CURATOR.

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian and Curator, at a commencing salary of £300 rising to £350.

Preference will be given to candidates who hold certificates of the Library Association or the London University School of Librarianship, and who have had organising experience in a modern library, museum and art gallery. The person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and the appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922.

Applications, marked "Librarian and Curator," accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, must be delivered to the undersigned not later than Saturday the 21st January, 1939.

Canvassing will be deemed a disqualification.

J. H. THURSFIELD,
Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Kidderminster.
6th January, 1939.

NATIONAL FITNESS COUNCIL

THE National Fitness Committee for Devon and Cornwall invite applications for the post of Assistant Secretary (male). Applicants should not be over 40 years of age and should possess considerable experience in office administration, general organisation in public service or social work and a knowledge of public relations will be an advantage. The salary will be £350—£15—£450. Further particulars, together with application forms, which must be returned completed with copies of not more than three recent testimonials before January 21st, 1939, may be obtained from the SECRETARY, NATIONAL FITNESS COMMITTEE, 35 St. David's Hill, Exeter.

WANTED. Teacher (female) for girl 14, Mondays to Fridays, 9–11 a.m. Write MRS. HAROLD HOBSON, 16 Wellgarth Road, N.W.11, stating salary.

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SUEDETEN Czech doctor's wife anxious employment. Domesticated. German, Czech, some English. Permit obtainable on promise position. E. W., 27 Princess Court, W.8.

GERMAN Jewess, widow, 70, seeks post as governess or housekeeper. Excellent London reference. Box 3636

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